

LAUDES DEI



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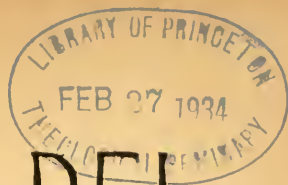
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LAUDES DEI

A HYMNAL
FOR CATHOLIC
CONGREGATIONS

COMPILED BY
SAMUEL A. BALDWIN,



PUBLISHED BY
THE AUTHOR,
AT 21 W. FIFTH STREET,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

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THE author's purpose has been to compile, at a price within the reach of all, a book adequate to the needs of churches having congregational singing. In accomplishing this object care has been taken that every hymn should be available for ordinary use.

For all hymns for special occasions, translations of the liturgical hymns of the Church have, as far as possible, been used. More than one-third of the book is of this character. To these have been added hymns from the best modern sources, of which several from such well-known writers as Cardinal Newman and Father Faber appear in a hymn book for the first time.

The greatest difficulty has been to find fitting, and at the same time pleasing and singable music. Old melodies have been largely employed, many of which have been sung in the Church for centuries, as well as the best that could be found of recent production, both European and American, with a certain number of original tunes written as necessity demanded.

THE AUTHOR.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

	Nos.		Nos.
Advent	1-3	The Blessed Sacrament.....	33-42
Christmas	4-8	The Sacred Heart.....	43-45
The New Year.....	9	The Precious Blood	46-48
Epiphany.....	10	Holy Baptism	49
The Holy Name.....	11	Holy Matrimony	50
Lent.....	12-15	Confirmation.....	51
Palm Sunday.....	16	The Blessed Virgin.....	52-63
Holy Week	17-20	St. Joseph.....	64-68
Easter.....	21-24	Sts. Peter and Paul.....	69
Ascension.....	25, 26	St. Aloysius.....	70
Pentecost	27-30	St. Agnes.....	71
Trinity.....	31, 32	The Holy Angels.....	72, 73

HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

	Nos.		Nos.
Praise	74-78	Christian Faith.....	99-101
Evening Hymns.....	79-84	The Christian Life.....	102-104
God the Father.....	85-87	National	105
Jesus Christ.....	88-94	Temperance	106
The Atonement	95	The Judgment.....	107
Divine Providence	96-98	Heaven	108-113

APPENDIX.

	Nos.		Nos.
Hymns for Processions.....	114-116	Antiphons of the Blessed	
Litany of the Blessed Virgin	117	Virgin.....	124-127
Vespers for Sundays.....	118	Benediction of the Blessed	
Vesper Hymns.....	119-123	Sacrament.....	128-130

METRICAL INDEX.

If a change of tune is desired, another of same metre may be found by referring to this index. All tunes marked P. M. (peculiar metre), which are irregular and not interchangeable, and all tunes having no other of similar metre in the book, are omitted.

- L. M. (long metre)—Nos. 2, 17, 20, 25, 28, 38, 67, 69, 70, 75, 80, 107, 116, 119, 128.
- L. M., 6 lines (or 8s. 6 lines)—Nos. 1, 27, 35, 36, 52, 71, 77, 81, 101.
- C. M. (common metre)—Nos. 9, 12, 49, 73, 85, 86, 88, 89, 97.
- C. M. D. (common metre double)—Nos. 43, 61, 90, 92.
- S. M. (short metre)—Nos. 11, 106.
- 6s. and 5s.—Nos. 14, 42, 54, 62, 103, 104.
- 7s., 4 lines—Nos. 23, 39, 87, 95.
- 7s., 6 lines—Nos. 10, 29.
- 7s. D.—Nos. 15, 22, 94.
- 7s. and 6s. D.—Nos. 3, 16, 18, 24, 44, 48, 53, 58, 68, 110, 111, 112, 113.
- 8s. and 6s.—Nos. 30, 46, 51.
- 8s. and 7s.—Nos. 5, 37, 63, 96.
- 8s. and 7s., 6 lines—Nos. 33, 34, 115, 129.
- 11s.—Nos. 60, 66.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
A bide with me.....	84	Crown Him with many	
Adeste fideles.....	(b) 4	crowns	26
Adoro te devote.....	41	D aily, daily sing to Mary....	53
Ad regias agni dapes.....	122	Dear angel, ever at my side,	73
All glory, laud and honor...	16	Dear Guardian of Mary.....	66
All is divine which the High-		Dear Saint, who on thy nat-	
est hath made.....	57	al day.....	70
All things beautiful and fair,	87	F ading, still fading.....	55
Alma Redemptoris.....	124	Faith of our fathers.....	101
Angels we have heard.....	6	Fierce was the wild billow...	102
Art thou weary, art thou		For thee, O dear, dear coun-	
languid.....	93	try	112
As pants the heart for cool-		G loria, laus et honor.....	114
ing springs.....	40	God bless our native land...	105
As the dewy shades of even,	63	God that madest earth and	
As with gladness men of		heaven.....	83
old	10	H ail, bright star of ocean....	62
At the cross her station		Hail, holy Joseph, hail!.....	65
keeping.....	(a) 19	Hail! Jesus, hail! who for my	
At the Lamb's high feast we		sake	46
sing.....	39	Hail! Queen of heaven, the	
Audi, benigne Conditor.....	121	ocean star.....	52
Ave Maris stella.....	62	Hail, true Body of the Sav-	
Ave Regina cœlorum.....	125	iour!	34
Ave verum corpus.....	34	Hail, Virgin, dearest Mary..	58
B lood is the price of heav-		Hail, Virgin of virgins.....	54
en.....	47	Hark, hark, my soul!.....	72
Brief life is here our portion,	111	Holy God, we praise Thy	
Brightly gleams our banner,	104	Name.....	74
C hrist is risen from the		Holy, holy, holy, Lord God	
dead.....	23	Almighty!	31
Christ the Lord is risen to-		Holy Patron! thee saluting..	68
day	22	Holy Spirit! Lord of light!..	29
Christian, dost thou see		I come to Thee, my Love...	91
them.....	14	I dwell a captive in this	
Come hither, ye faithful.....	(a) 4	Heart.....	43
Come, Holy Ghost, send		I heard the voice of Jesus	
down those beams....	30	say.....	92
Come, O Creator, Spirit		Immaculate! Immaculate!..	59
blest	28	In this Sacrament, sweet	
Come ye disconsolate.....	98	Jesus.....	37
Come ye lofty, come ye		In token that thou shalt not	
lowly	5	fear.....	49
Creator alme siderum.....	120	It is no earthly summer's	
Creator of the starry height,	2	ray.....	69
Creator Spirit, by whose aid,	27	J erusalem, my happy home,	108

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS—*Concluded.*

	No.		No.
Jerusalem, the golden.....	113	P ange lingua gloriosi.....	115
Jesus Christ is risen to-day..	21	Praise be to Him who built	
Jesus, gentlest Saviour.....	42	the hills.....	75
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my		R egina coeli.....	126
all!.....	36	S alve Regina.....	127
Jesus, Saviour of my soul....	94	Saviour, when in dust to	
Jesus, the very thought of		Thee.....	15
Thee.....	88	Sign'd with the Cross that	
Jesus, Thou joy of loving		Jesus bore.....	51
hearts.....	38	Sing alleluia forth.....	78
Joy of the Saints!.....	67	Sing, my soul, His wondrous	
L audate Dominum.....	130	love.....	95
Lead Kindly Light.....	99	Sing, my tongue, the Sav-	
Litany of the Blessed Virgin,	117	iour's glory.....	33
Lucis creator optime.....	119	Sing we triumphant hymns	
M y God, how wonderful		of praise.....	25
Thou art!.....	85	Stabat Mater.....	(b)19
Mourn for the thousands		Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-	
slain.....	106	iour dear.....	80
N earer my God to Thee.....	100	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere	
Now are the days of humb-		we go.....	81
lest prayer.....	13	T antum ergo Sacramentum,	129
O Blessed Trinity!.....	32	That day of wrath, that	
O Bread of Heaven!.....	35	dreaful day.....	107
O come and mourn with me		The ancient law departs.....	11
awhile.....	20	The bird let loose in eastern	
O come, loud anthems let		skies.....	97
us sing.....	77	The day is past and over....	82
O come, O come Emmanuel,	1	The day of resurrection.....	24
O God, Thy power is wond-		The royal banners forward	
erful.....	86	go.....	17
O holy martyr, spotless		The sun is sinking fast.....	79
dove.....	71	The voice that breath'd o'er	
O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!	89	Eden....	50
O Jesus, Thou art standing..	3	The world is very evil.....	110
O little town of Bethlehem..	8	The year is gone beyond	
O Maid, conceived without		recall.....	9
a stain.....	61	There are many saints	
O Paradise! O Paradise!....	109	above.....	64
O purest of creatures, sweet		There is a green hill far away	90
mother.....	60	There's a wideness in God's	
O Sacred Head surrounded,	18	mercy.....	96
O Sacred Heart! Our home		To Jesus' Heart all burning..	44
lies deep in Thee... ..	45	V eni Creator Spiritus.....	123
O Salutaris Hostia!.....	128	Vespers for Sundays.....	118
O Sanctissima!.....	56	V exilla regis prodeunt.....	116
Once in Royal David's city..	7	W e come to Thee, sweet	
Once more the solemn sea-		Saviour.....	48
son calls.....	12	When morning gilds the	
Onward Christian soldiers... ..	103	skies.....	76

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

ADVENT.

I.

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

Ss. 6l.

Well marked, not too fast.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -
til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re-joyce! Em -
man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! (A - men.)

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice! etc.
3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here,
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight. Rejoice! etc.
4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery. Rejoice! etc.
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Rejoice! etc. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 12th Cent.

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ADVENT.

2.

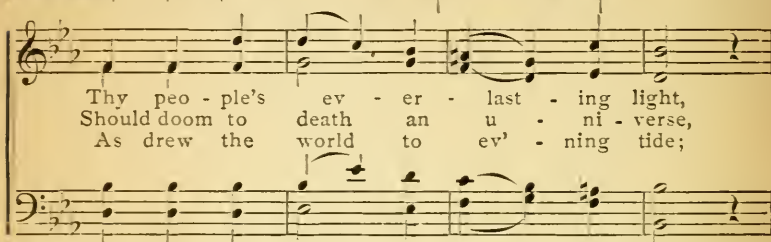
CREATOR OF THE STARRY HEIGHT.

L. M.

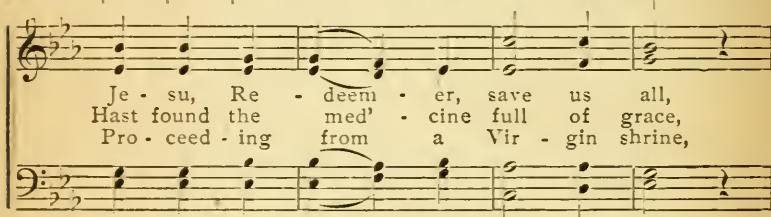
From Gounod; Arr. by Samuel A. Baldwin.



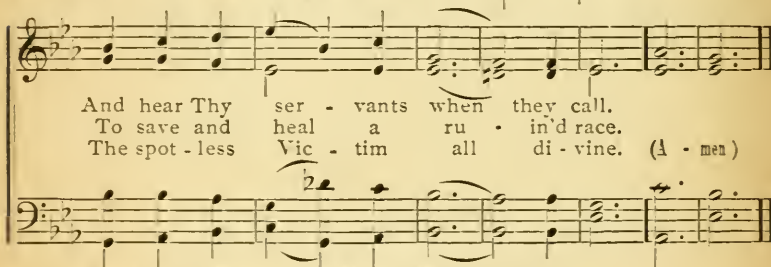
1. Cre - a - tor of the star - ry height,
 2. Thou grieving that the an - cient curse
 3. Thou cam'st the Bride - groom of the Bride,



Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,
 Should doom to death an u - ni - verse,
 As drew the world to ev' - ning tide;



Je - su, Re - deem - er, save us all,
 Hast found the med' - cine full of grace,
 Pro - ceed - ing from a Vir - gin shrine,



And hear Thy ser - vants when they call.
 To save and heal a ru - in'd race.
 The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine. (A - men)

4. At Whose dread Name, Majestic now,
 All knees must bend, all hearts must bow,
 All things celestial Thee shall own,
 All things terrestrial, Lord alone.
5. O Thou whose coming is with dread
 To judge the living and the dead,
 Preserve us, while we dwell below,
 From ev'ry insult of the foe.
6. Laud, honor, virtue, glory be
 To God the Father: Son, to thee;
 And to the Holy Paraclete,
 Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

For Latin words see Creator Alme Siderum.

3.

O, JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

7s, 6s. D.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low,-

In low - ly pa - tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh,
 Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait! Oh,
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door: Dear

shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him standing there.
 sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Sa-viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more! A-men.

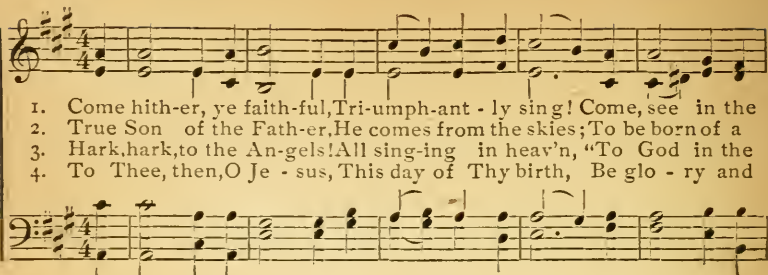
CHRISTMAS.

4. (a)

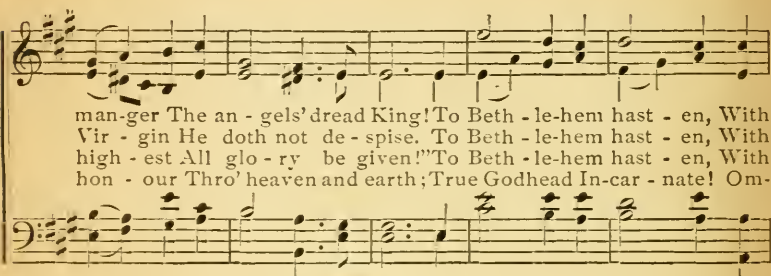
COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

P. M.

Adeste Fideles.



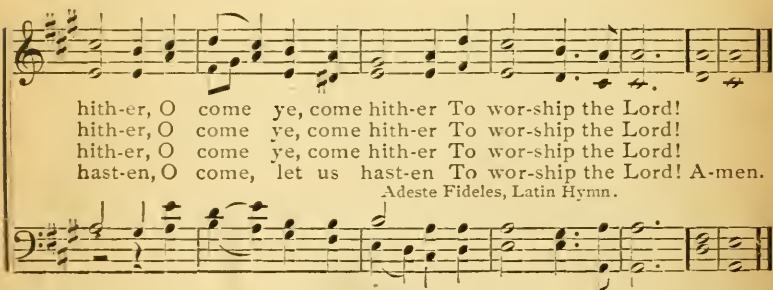
1. Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umph-ant - ly sing! Come, see in the
 2. True Son of the Fath-er, He comes from the skies; To be born of a
 3. Hark, hark, to the An-gels! All sing-ing in heav'n, "To God in the
 4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, This day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and



man-ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With
 Vir - gin He doth not de - spise. To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With
 high - est All glo - ry be given!" To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With
 hon - our Thro' heaven and earth; True Godhead In-car - nate! Om-



joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come
 joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come
 ni - po-tent Word! O come, let us hast-en, O come, let us



hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!
 hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!
 hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!
 hast-en, O come, let us hast-en To wor-ship the Lord! A-men.

Adeste Fideles, Latin Hymn.

CHRISTMAS.

4. (b)

ADESTE FIDELES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte
Regem angelorum.
 : Venite adoremus:
Venite adoremus Dominum.</p> <p>2. Deum de Deo
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera,
Deum verum</p> | <p>Genitum, non factum.
Venite, etc.</p> <p>3. Cantet nunc Io
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.
Venite, etc.</p> <p>4. Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris æternæ verbum caro factum.
Venite, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

5.

COME YE LOFTY, COME YE LOWLY.

8s, 7s.

"O sanctissima." Sicilian Melody.

1. Come, ye lofty! come, ye lowly! Let your songs of gladness ring;
2. See, in Mary's arms reposing, Christ, by highest heaven adored;

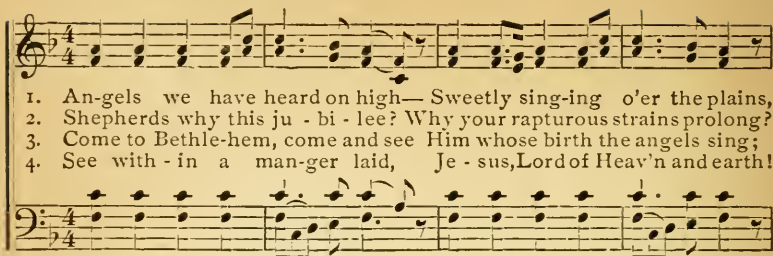
In a stable lies the Holy, In a manger rests the King.
Come, your circle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord! (Amen.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Come, ye poor! no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore;
He, the Lord of all salvation
Shares your want, is weak and poor.</p> <p>4. Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
Come, ye spirits keen and bold!
All in all, your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old!</p> | <p>5. High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far;
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining
For you all has risen the star.</p> <p>6. Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise
Come, ye people! come, ye nations!
All in all, draw nigh to gaze. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

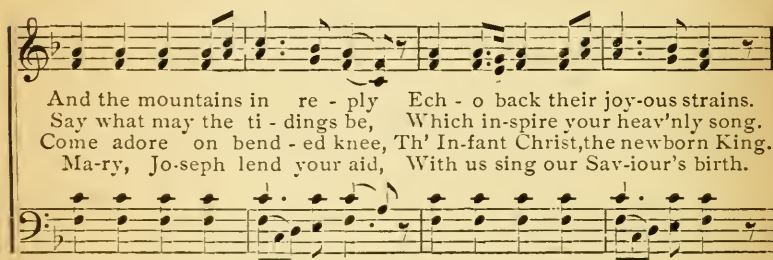
CHRISTMAS.

6.

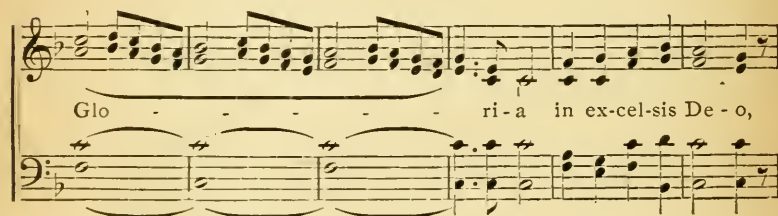
ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD.



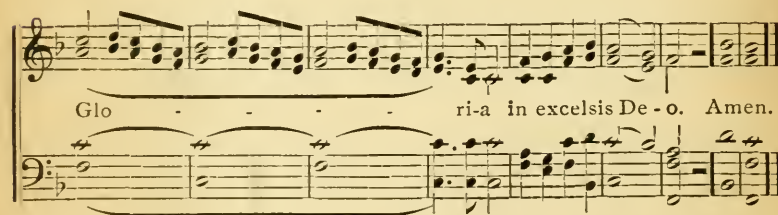
1. An-gels we have heard on high— Sweetly sing-ing o'er the plains,
 2. Shepherds why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rapturous strains prolong?
 3. Come to Bethle-hem, come and see Him whose birth the angels sing;
 4. See with - in a man-ger laid, Je - sus, Lord of Heav'n and earth!



And the mountains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy-ous strains.
 Say what may the ti - dings be, Which in-spire your heav'nly song.
 Come adore on bend - ed knee, Th' In-fant Christ, the newborn King.
 Ma-ry, Jo-seph lend your aid, With us sing our Sav-iour's birth.



Glo - - - ri-a in ex-cel-sis De - o,



Glo - - - ri-a in excelsis De - o. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

7.

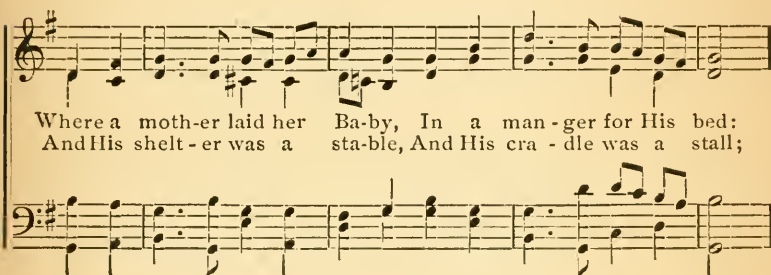
ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

Ss, 7s, 7s.

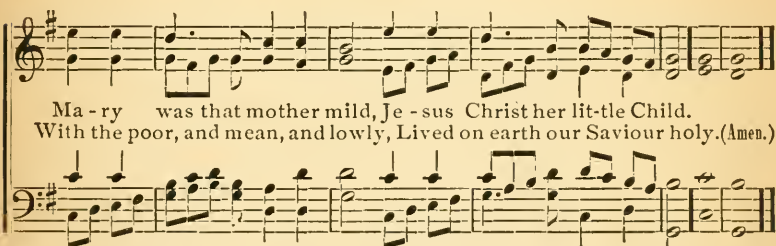
Old Carol.



1. Once in roy - al Da-vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat-tle shed,
2. He came down to earth from heaven Who is God and Lord of all,



Where a moth-er laid her Ba-by, In a man-ger for His bed:
And His shelt-er was a sta-ble, And His cra-dle was a stall;



Ma-ry was that mother mild, Je-sus Christ her lit-tle Child.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy. (Amen.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. And, thro'all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.</p> | <p>5. And our eyes at last shall see Him
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.</p> |
| <p>4. For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.</p> | <p>6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.</p> |

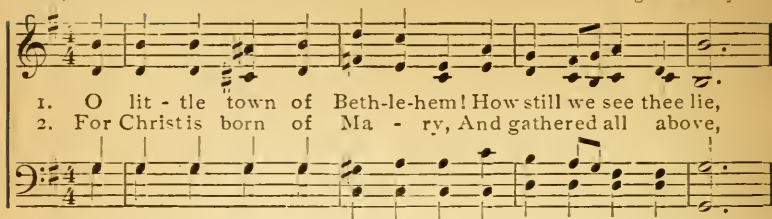
CHRISTMAS.

8.

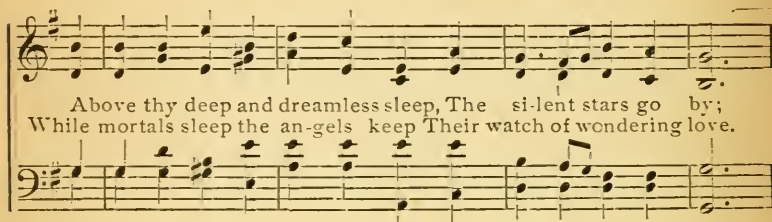
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

8s, 6s.

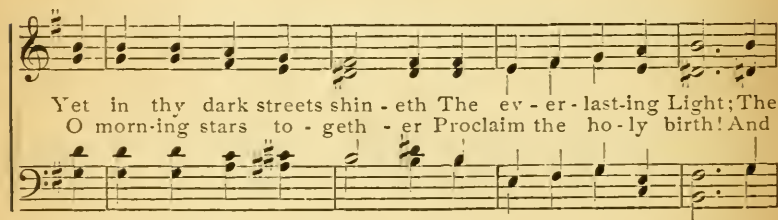
Old English Melody.



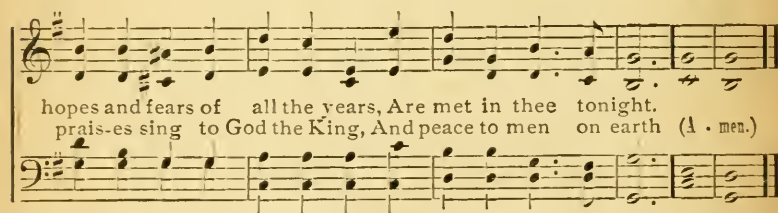
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem! How still we see thee lie,
2. For Christis born of Ma - ry, And gathered all above,



Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The si-lent stars go by;
While mortals sleep the an-gels keep Their watch of wondering love.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars to - geth - er Proclaim the ho - ly birth! And



hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.
prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth (A - men.)

3. How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! A-men.

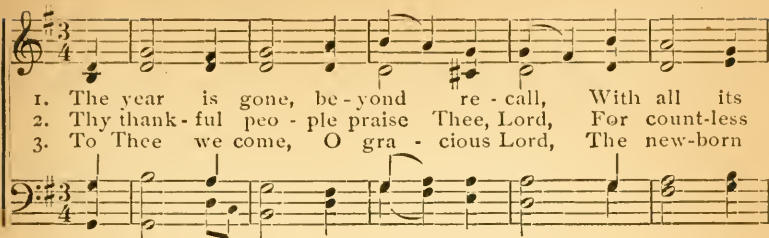
THE NEW YEAR.

9.

THE YEAR IS GONE, BEYOND RECALL.

C. M.

From Beethoven.



1. The year is gone, be-yond re-call, With all its
 2. Thy thank-ful peo-ple praise Thee, Lord, For count-less
 3. To Thee we come, O gra-cious Lord, The new-born



hopes and fears, With all its bright and glad - dening
 gifts received; And pray for grace to keep the
 year to bless; De-fend our land from pest - i-



smiles, With all its mourn - ers tears;
 faith Which saints of old believed.
 lence; Give peace and plen - teous-ness; (A - men.)

4. Forgive this nation's many sins;
 The growth of vice restrain;
 And help us all with sin to strive,
 And crowns of life to gain.
5. From evil deeds that stain the past
 We now desire to flee;
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
6. O Father, let Thy watchful eye
 Still look on us in love,
 That we may praise Thee, year by year,
 With angel-hosts above. A-men.

Latin Hymn.

EPIPHANY.—THE HOLY NAME.

10.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

7s, 6l.

German Melody.

1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; }
 { As with joy they hail'd its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; }

So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee. (A-men.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat. | 4. Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide. |
| 3. As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King. | 5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen. |

II.

THE ANCIENT LAW DEPARTS.

S. M.

From Robert Schumann.

1. The ancient law departs, And all its terrors cease; For
 2. The Light of light divine, True Brightness un-de - filed, He
 3. To-day the Name is Thine, At which we bend the knee; They

LENT.



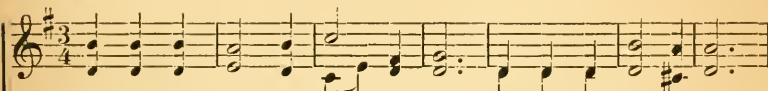
Je-sus makes with faithful hearts A cov - e - nant of peace.
bears for us the shame of sin, A ho - ly, spot-less Child.
call Thee Je-sus, Child divine! Our Je-sus deign to be. A-men.

From Paris Breviary.



12. ONCE MORE THE SOLEMN SEASON CALLS.

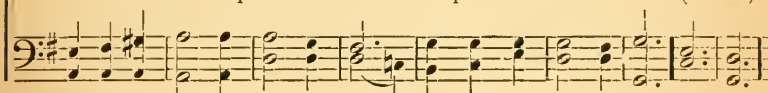
C. M.



1. Once more the sol - emn sea - son calls A ho - ly fast to keep;
2. But vain all out - ward sign of grief, And vain the form of prayer,



And now within the tem-ple walls Both priest and people weep.
Unless the heart implore re-lief And pen - i - tence be there. (A - men.)



3. We smite the breast, we weep in
In vain in ashes mourn, [vain,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.
4. In sorrow true now let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.
5. O God, our Judge and Father,
To spare the bruised reed; [deign
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.
6. Blest Three in One, to Thee we
Vouchsafe us in Thy love [bow;
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

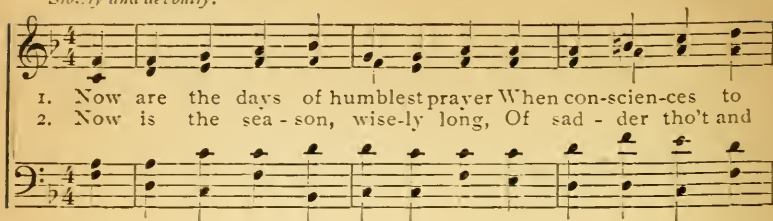
From Paris Breviary.

LENT.

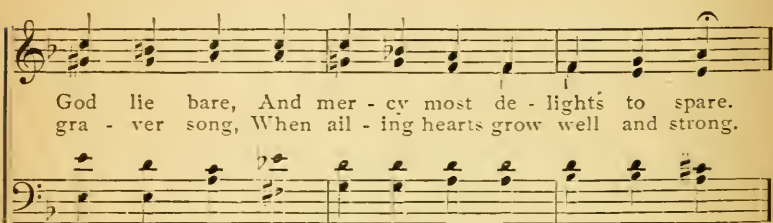
13. NOW ARE THE DAYS OF HUMBLEST PRAYER.

P. M.
Slowly and devoutly.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

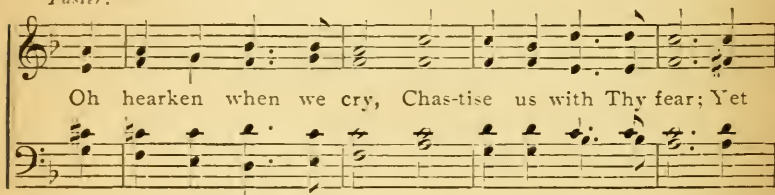


1. Now are the days of humblest prayer When con-sciences to
2. Now is the sea-son, wise-ly long, Of sad-der tho't and

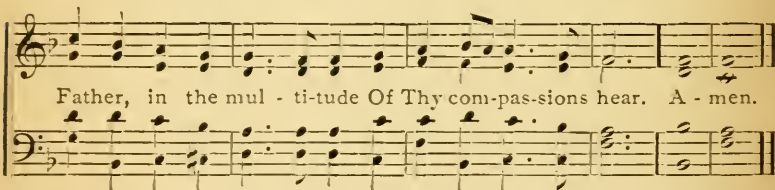


God lie bare, And mer-cy most de-lights to spare.
gra-ver song, When ail-ing hearts grow well and strong.

Faster.



Oh hearken when we cry, Chas-tise us with Thy fear; Yet



Father, in the mul-ti-tude Of Thy com-pas-sions hear. A-men.

3. The feast of penance! O so bright,
With true conversion's heav'nly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night.
Oh hearken, etc.

5. We who have loved the world must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh hearken, etc.

4. O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh hearken, etc.

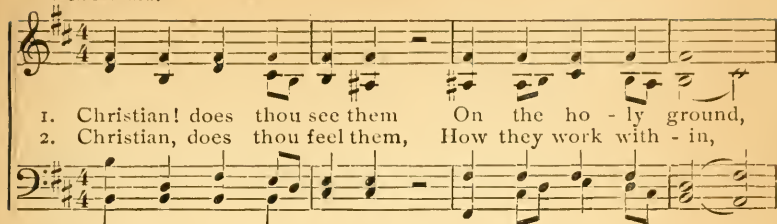
6. All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face.
Oh hearken, etc.

LENT.

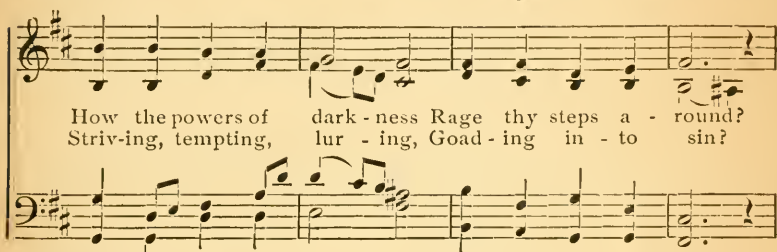
14.

CHRISTIAN DOST THOU SEE THEM.

6s, 5s D.
Well Marked.

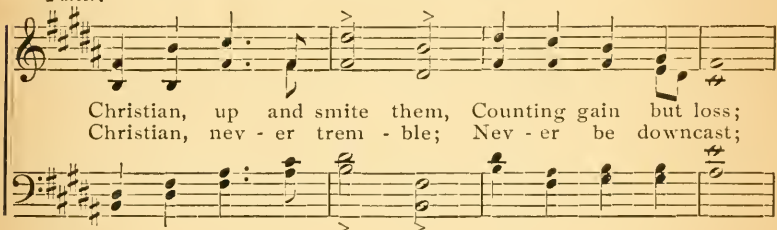


1. Christian! does thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
2. Christian, does thou feel them, How they work with - in,

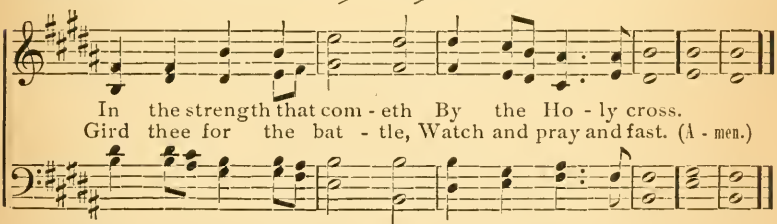


How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Striv - ing, tempting, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?

Faster.



Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;
Christian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be downcast;



In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly cross.
Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast. (A - men.)

3. Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.
4. "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne." Amen.

St. Andrew of Crete.

LENT.

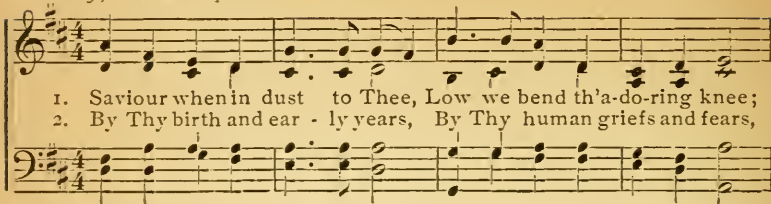
15.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

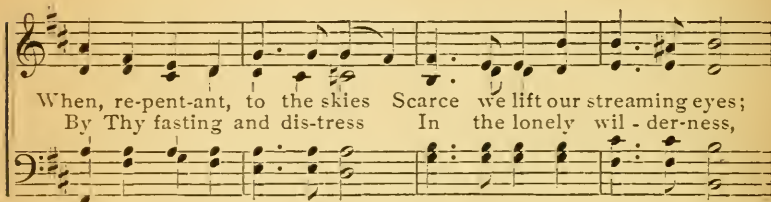
7s. D.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

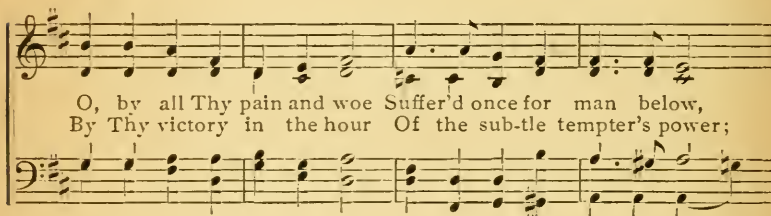
Slowly, with much expression.



1. Saviour when in dust to Thee, Low we bend th'a-do-ring knee;
2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy human griefs and fears,



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
By Thy fasting and dis-tress In the lonely wil - der-ness,



O, by all Thy pain and woe Suffer'd once for man below,
By Thy victory in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's power;



Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.
Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn lit - a - ny. (A-men.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany. | 4. By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen. |
|--|--|

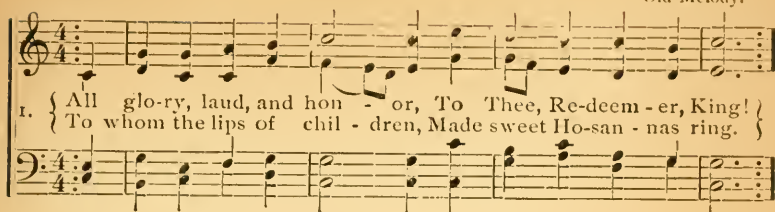
PALM SUNDAY.

16.

ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR.

7s. 6s. D.

Old Melody.

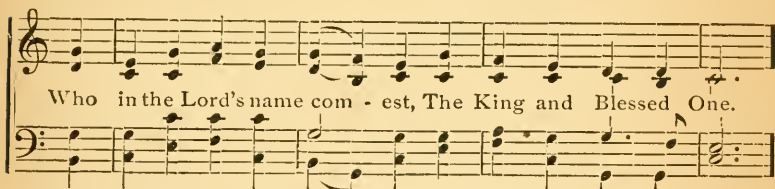


1. { All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem - er, King! }
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring. }

The 2nd and following stanzas.

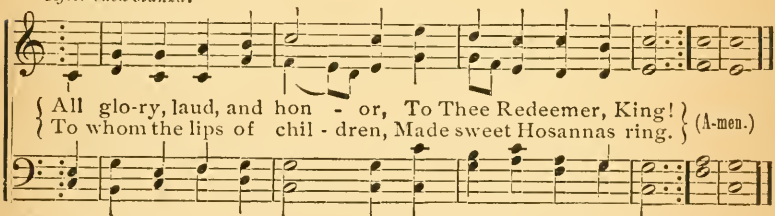


2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou David's Ro - yal Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Blessed One.

After each stanza.



{ All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee Redeemer, King! } (A-men.)
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Hosannas ring. }

3. The company of Angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men and all things
 Created, make reply.
 All glory, etc.

5. To Thee before Thy passion
 They sang their hymns of praise:
 To Thee, now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, etc.

4. The people of the Hebrews
 With palms below Thee went:
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
 All glory, etc.

6. Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc. Amen.

St. Theodulph, 9th Cent.

For Latin words see Gloria, laus, et honor.

HOLY WEEK.

17. THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO.

L. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go, The Cross shines
2. Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's tor - rent
3. Ful - fill'd is all that Da - vid told In true pro -

forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in Flesh, our flesh who
rush - ing from His side, To wash us in that precious
phet - ic song of old; A - midst the na - tions God, saith

made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid.
flood Where mingled wa - ter flow'd, and blood.
he, Hath reign'd and tri - umph'd from the Tree. (A - men.)

4. O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

5. On whose dear arms, so widely flung
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

Fortunatus, 6th Cent.

6. O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

7. To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore, Amen.

For Latin words see Vexilla Regis.

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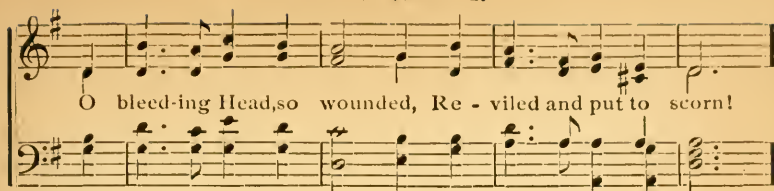
18.

O, SACRED HEAD.

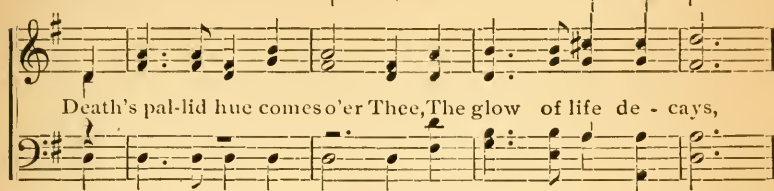
7s, 6s. D.

1. O sa - cred head sur-round-ed By crown of piercing thorn;

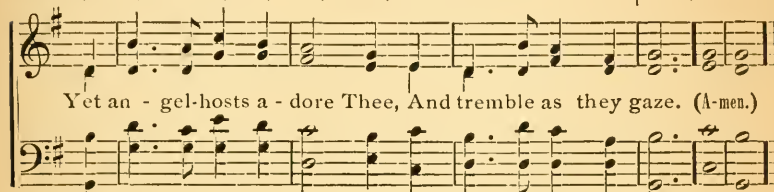
HOLY WEEK.



O bleed-ing Head, so wounded, Re - viled and put to scorn!



Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,



Yet an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. (A-men.)

2. What Thou, my Lord! hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3. In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd think of me,
With Thy most sweet compassion
Unworthy though I be;
Beneath Thy cross abiding,
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

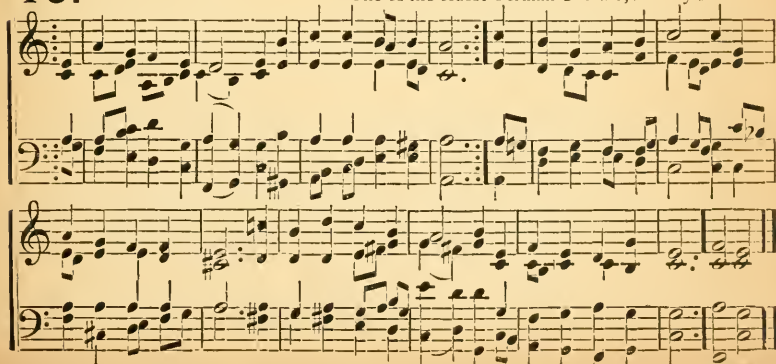
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Cent.

4. The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life! desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

5. Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh! show Thy cross to me!
And, for my succor flying,
Come. Lord! and set me free;
And, when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe. Amen.

I 8. *Second Tune.*

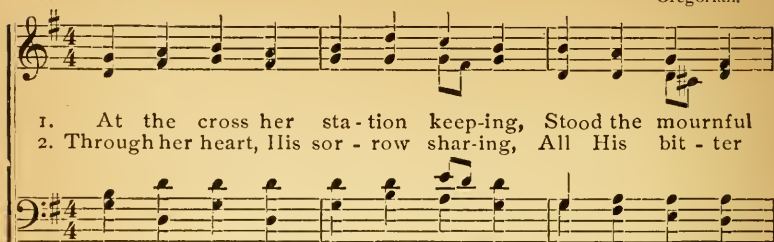
One of the oldest German Chorals; Arr. by Bach.



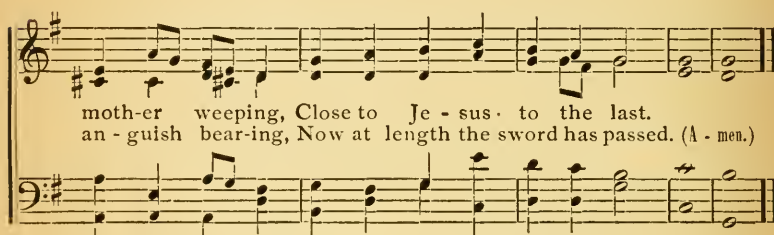
HOLY WEEK.

19.(a) AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING.

Gregorian.



1. At the cross her sta-tion keep-ing, Stood the mournful
2. Through her heart, His sor-row shar-ing, All His bit-ter



moth-er weeping, Close to Je-sus to the last.
an-guish bear-ing, Now at length the sword has passed. (A-men.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother highly blest
Of the sole begotten One! | 10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord. |
| 4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son. | 11. Holy mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified: |
| 5. Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear mother to behold? | 12. Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died. |
| 6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that mothers pain untold? | 13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live: |
| 7. Bruised, derided, curs'd, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent. | 14. By the cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give. |
| 8. For the sin of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth he sent. | 15. Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request;
Let me share thy grief divine; |
| 9. O thou mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord. | 16. Let me, to my latest breath
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine. |

HOLY WEEK.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>17. Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away.</p> | <p>19. Let me by the Cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
Nourished by divine supplies.</p> |
| <p>18. May I, fired with pure affection,
Virginia, have through thee protect-
In the solemn Judgement Day. [tion</p> | <p>20. When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given,
Glories bright of Paradise.</p> |
- Stabat Mater; Jacobus de Benedictis 13th Cent.

19. (b)

STABAT MATER.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.</p> | <p>11. Sancta Mater istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.</p> |
| <p>2. Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.</p> | <p>12. Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnâs mecum divide.</p> |
| <p>3. O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti!</p> | <p>13. Fac me tecum pie flere
Crucifixo condolare
Donec ego vixero.</p> |
| <p>4. Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.</p> | <p>14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.</p> |
| <p>5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?</p> | <p>15. Virgo Virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere.</p> |
| <p>6. Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?</p> | <p>16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolare.</p> |
| <p>7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Tidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.</p> | <p>17. Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore filii.</p> |
| <p>8. Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Moriendo desolatum.
Dum emisit spiritum.</p> | <p>18. Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,
In die judicii.</p> |
| <p>9. Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.</p> | <p>19. Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Consoveri gratia.</p> |
| <p>10. Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.</p> | <p>20. Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.</p> |

HOLY WEEK.

20. O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE.

L. M.

1. O come and mourn with me a - while; See Ma - ry
calls us to her side; O come, to - geth - er
let us mourn; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied. (A - men.)

2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love is crucified.
3. Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
4. A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

20. Second Tune.

Arr. from Gregorian Chant.

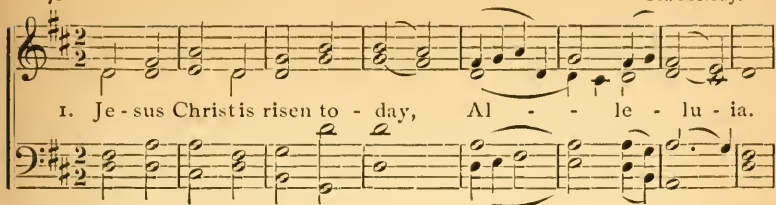
EASTER.

21.


JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

78

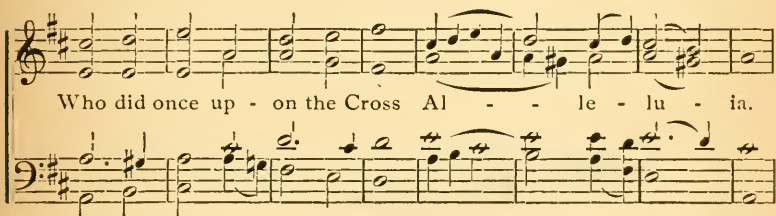
Old Melody.



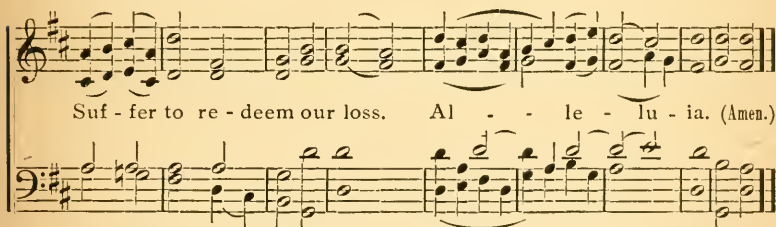
I. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia.



Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day; Al - - le - lu - ia.



Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia.



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia. (Amen.)

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
3. But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia! Amen.

Latin Hymn.

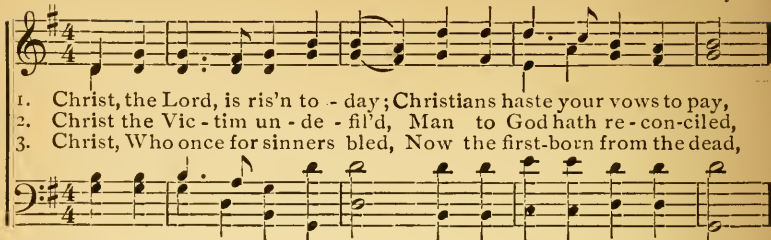
EASTER.

22.

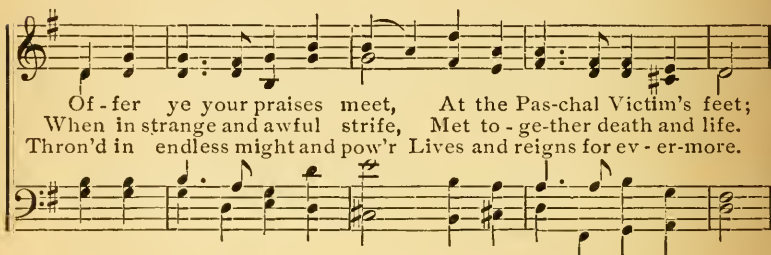
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.

7s. D.

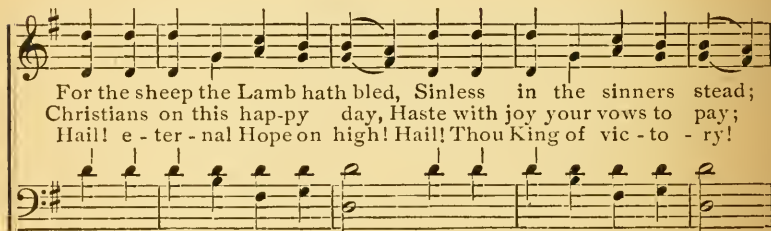
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



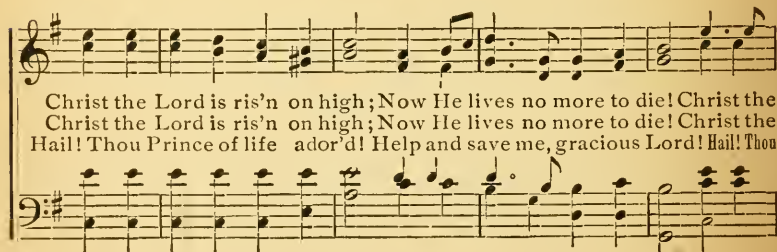
1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Christians haste your vows to pay,
 2. Christ the Vic - tim un - de - fil'd, Man to God hath re - con-ciled,
 3. Christ, Who once for sinners bled, Now the first-born from the dead,



Of - fer ye your praises meet, At the Pas - chal Vic - tim's feet;
 When in strange and awful strife, Met to - ge - ther death and life.
 Thron'd in endless might and pow'r Lives and reigns for ev - er - more.



For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sinless in the sinners stead;
 Christians on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay;
 Hail! e - ter - nal Hope on high! Hail! Thou King of vic - to - ry!



Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die! Christ the
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die! Christ the
 Hail! Thou Prince of life ador'd! Help and save me, gracious Lord! Hail! Thou

EASTER.



Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die!
 Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die!
 Prince of life a-dor'd! Help and save me, gracious Lord! A-men
 Latin Hymn.



23.

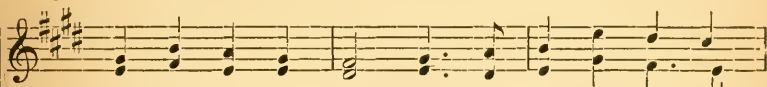
CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

7s.

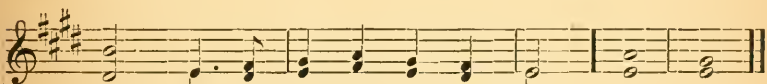
Old French Melody.



1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Ris - en
2. An - gels clad in snow - y white, Com - ing
3. Man was but a slave be - fore, Man



as He tru - ly said; Praise the Lord with grate - ful
 from the realms of light, Bid us sing with grate - ful
 free for ev - er - more, Heav'n and earth, with grate - ful



voice, Bless His name, re-joyce, re - joyce!
 voice, Bid us all re-joyce, re - joyce!
 voice, Bid us all re-joyce, re - joyce! A - men.

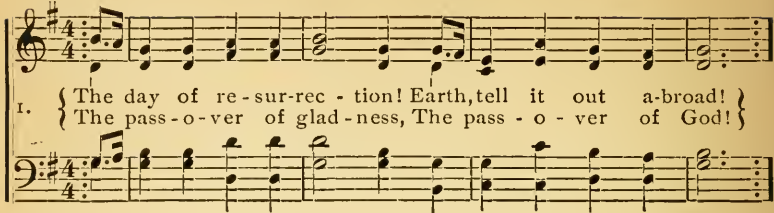


EASTER.

24.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

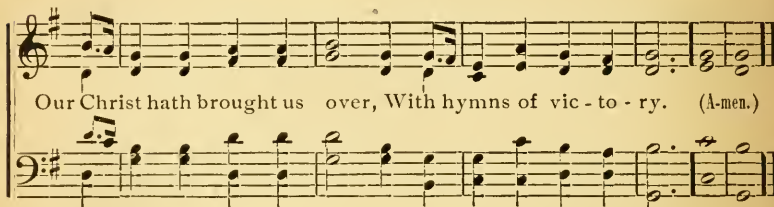
7s, 6s. D.



I. { The day of re-sur-rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad! }
 { The pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The pass - o - ver of God! }



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of vic - to - ry. (A-men.)

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.
3. Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein!
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

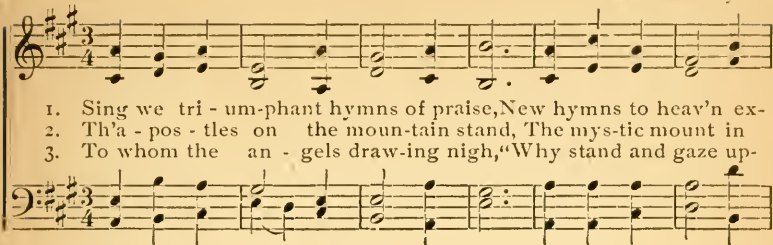
St. John of Damascus.

ASCENSION.

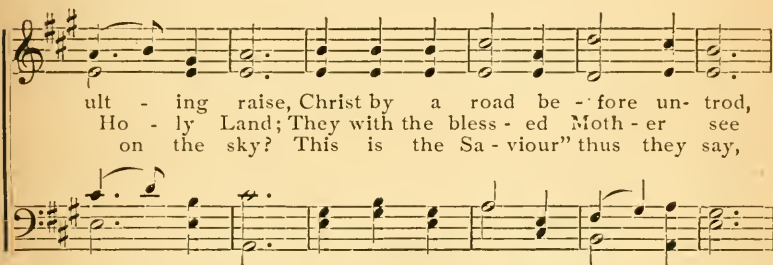
25. SING WE TRIUMPHANT HYMNS OF PRAISE.

L. M.

German Melody.



1. Sing we tri - um - phant hymns of praise, New hymns to heav'n ex -
 2. Th'a - pos - tles on the moun - tain stand, The mys - tic mount in
 3. To whom the an - gels draw - ing nigh, "Why stand and gaze up -



ult - ing raise, Christ by a road be - fore un - trod,
 Ho - ly Land; They with the bless - ed Moth - er see
 on the sky? This is the Sa - viour" thus they say,



As - cend - eth to the throne of God.
 Je - sus as - cend in Ma - jes - ty.
 "This is His no - ble tri - umph day." (A - men,)

4. "Again shall ye behold Him so —
 As ye to-day have seen Him go,
 In glorious pomp ascending high,
 Up to the portals of the sky."
5. "He hastes to mount His heavenly throne,
 He takes His kingdom for His own;
 And thence again, when time shall end,
 To judge the nations shall descend."
6. Jesu! in that tremendous day,
 Our sole Redemption, Thee we pray
 Vouch safe to number us on high
 Amongst Thy Saints' blest company.

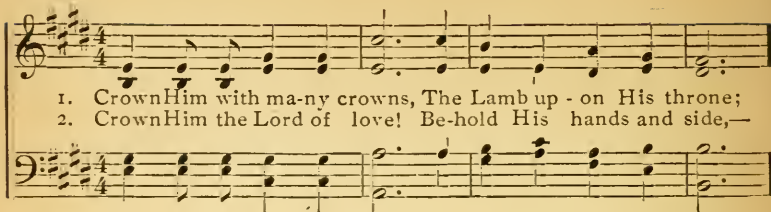
Latin Hymn; Hymnum Canamus Glorice.

ASCENSION.

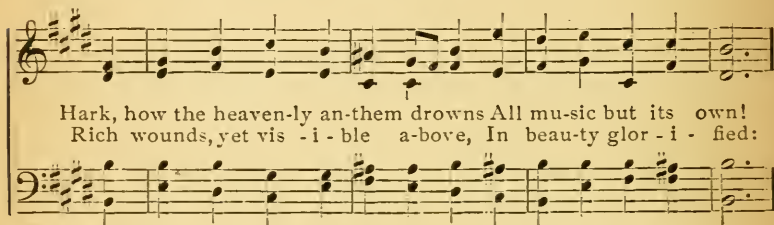
26.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

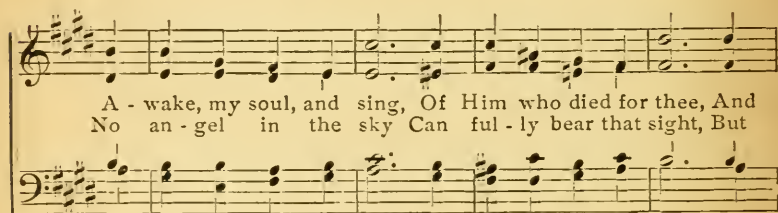
S. M. D.



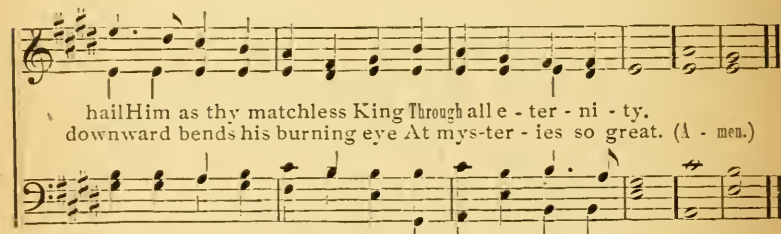
1. Crown Him with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be-hold His hands and side,—



Hark, how the heaven-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glor - i - fied:



A - wake, my soul, and sing, Of Him who died for thee, And
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But



hail Him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
downward bends his burning eye At mys - ter - ies so great. (A - men.)

3. Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend,
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

PENTECOST.

27.

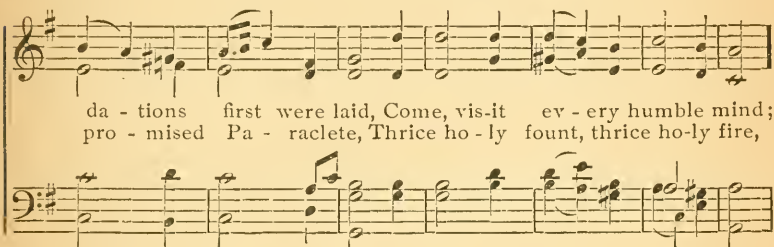
CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID.

L. M. 61.


From Haydn.



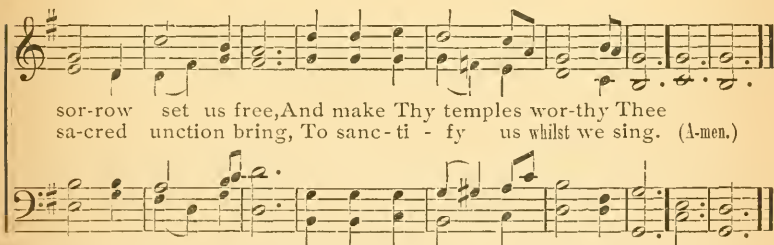
1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-
2. O source of un - cre - a - ted light, The Fa - ther's



da - tions first were laid, Come, vis-it ev - ery humble mind;
pro - mised Pa - raclete, Thrice ho - ly fount, thrice ho - ly fire,



Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind; From sin and
Our hearts with heavenly love in - spire; Come, and Thy



sor-row set us free, And make Thy temples wor - thy Thee
sa - cred unction bring, To sanc - ti - fy us whilst we sing. (A-men.)

3. Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
4. Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, To Thee. Amen.

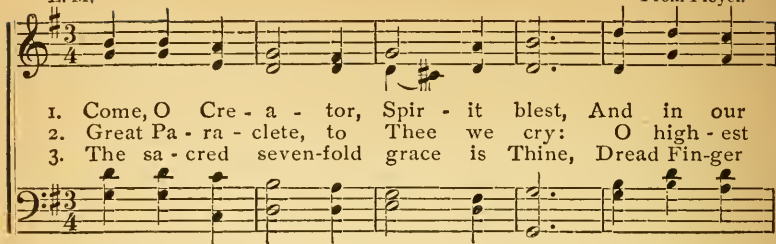
PENTECOST.

28.

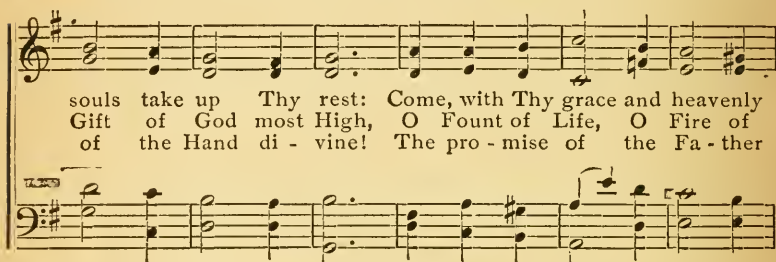
COME, O CREATOR, SPIRIT BLEST.

L. M.

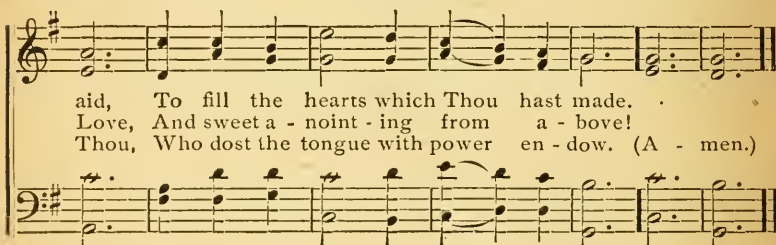
From Pleyel.



1. Come, O Cre - a - tor, Spir - it blest, And in our
 2. Great Pa - ra - clete, to Thee we cry: O high - est
 3. The sa - cred seven-fold grace is Thine, Dread Fin - ger



souls take up Thy rest: Come, with Thy grace and heavenly
 Gift of God most High, O Fount of Life, O Fire of
 of the Hand di - vine! The pro - mise of the Fa - ther



aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
 Love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove!
 Thou, Who dost the tongue with power en - dow. (A - men.)

4. Our senses touch with light and fire;
 Our hearts with charity inspire;
 And, with endurance from on high
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
5. Far back our enemy repel
 And let Thy peace within us dwell;
 So may we, having Thee for guide,
 Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
6. Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow
 The Father and the Son to know,
 And evermore to hold confessed
 Thyself of each the Spirit blest.
7. All glory while the ages run
 Be to the Father, and the Son,
 Who rose from death; like praise to Thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 9th Cent. For Latin words see *Veni Creator*,

PENTECOST.

28. *Second Tune.*

29. *HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT.*

7s. 6 l.

German Melody.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! Lord of light! From the clear ce - les - tial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give: Come, Thou Father of the poor!

Come, with treas - ures which en - dure!

Come, Thou Light of all that live! (A - men.)

2. Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

3. Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4. Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5. Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend:
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

Veni Sancte Spiritus, Robert II of France,

PENTECOST.

30. COME HOLY GHOST, SEND DOWN THOSE BEAMS.

8s, 6s.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams Which sweetly flow in silent streams From

D. S.

Thy bright throne above. 2. O come, Thou Father of the poor Thou bounteous source of
3. O, Thou of Comforters the best, O Thou, the soul's de-
4. Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Refreshment in th'ex-
5. Thrice blessed Light shoot home Thy darts And pierce the centres
6. Grant us in life Thy helping grace: Grant us in death to

all our store; Come fire our hearts with love.
lightful guest, The pilgrims sweet relief.
cess of heat And so-lace in our grief.
of those hearts Whose faith aspires to thee.
see Thy face, And endless joys in heav'n.

} Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which

D. S.

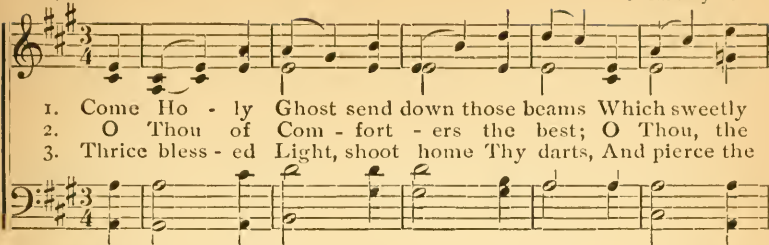
sweet-ly flow in si-lent streams From Thy bright throne a-bove. A - men.

PENTECOST.

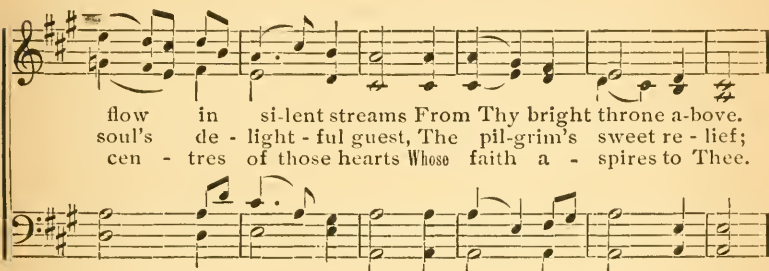
30. *Second Tune.*

Ss, 6s.

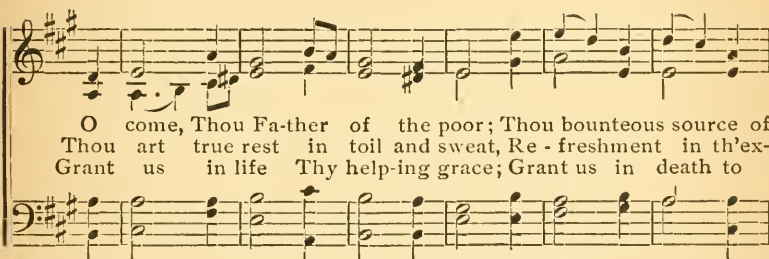
From Haydn.



1. Come Ho - ly Ghost send down those beams Which sweetly
 2. O Thou of Com - fort - ers the best; O Thou, the
 3. Thrice bless - ed Light, shoot home Thy darts, And pierce the



flow in si - lent streams From Thy bright throne a - bove.
 soul's de - light - ful guest, The pil - grim's sweet re - lief;
 cen - tres of those hearts Whose faith a - spires to Thee.



O come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; Thou bounteous source of
 Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Re - freshment in th'ex -
 Grant us in life Thy help - ing grace; Grant us in death to



all our store; Come fire our hearts with love.
 cess of heat, And so - lace in our grief.
 see Thy face, And end - less joys in heav'n. A - men.
 Veni Sancte Spiritus, Robert II of France.

TRINITY.

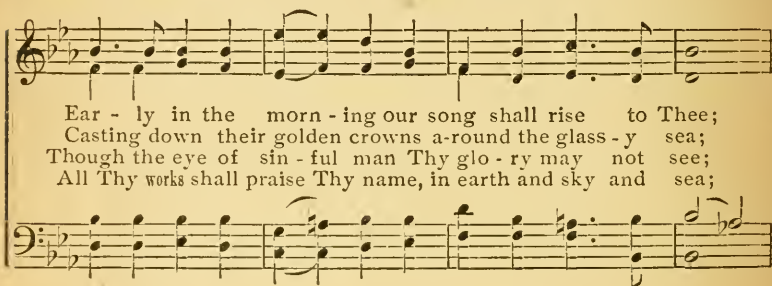
31.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

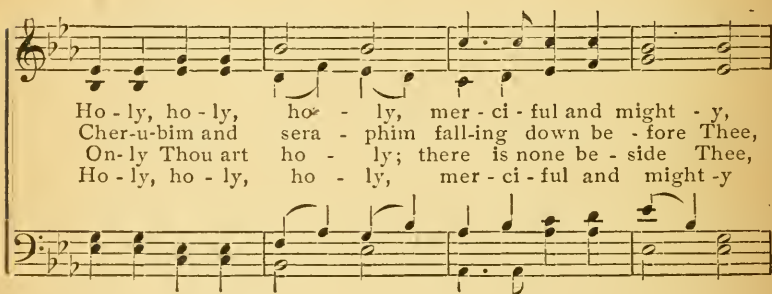
11S, 12S, 10S.



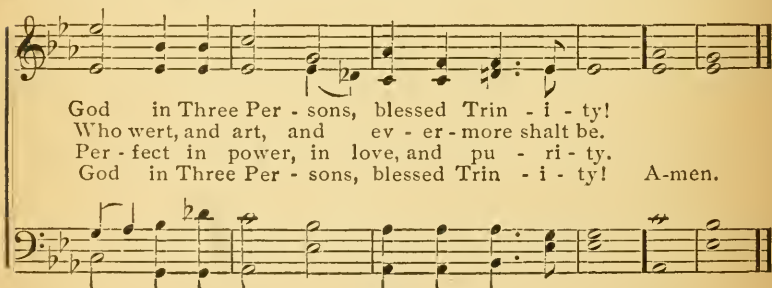
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y!
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee,
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y!



Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Casting down their golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea;
 Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see;
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;



Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y,
 Cher-u-bim and se-ra-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee,
 On-ly Thou art ho-ly; there is none be-side Thee,
 Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y



God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 Per-fect in power, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
 God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-men.

TRINITY.

32.

O BLESSED TRINITY.

P. M.

Samuel A Baldwin.

1. O Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! Thy children dare to lift their hearts to
 2. O Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! O sim - plest Ma - jes - ty! O Three in

Thee, And bless Thy tri - ple Ma - jes - ty! } Ho - ly Trin - i - ty!
 One! Thou art for - ev - er God a - lone. }

Bless - ed E - qual Three, One God, we praise Thee. (A - men.)

3. O Blessed Trinity!
 O Unbegotten Father! give us tears
 To quench our love, to calm our fears.
 Holy Trinity! etc.

4. O Blessed Trinity!
 Bright Son! who art the Father's mind displayed,
 Thou art begotten and not made.
 Holy Trinity! etc.

5. O Blessed Trinity!
 Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!
 By Thee the Godhead is complete.
 Holy Trinity! etc.

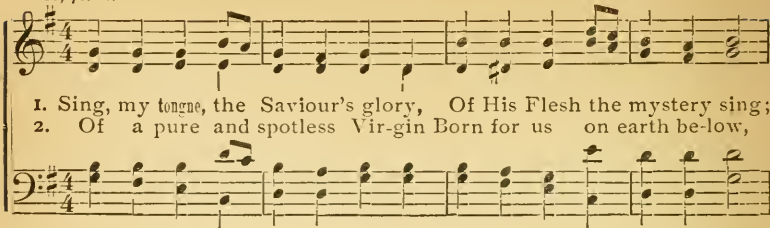
6. O Blessed Trinity!
 We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as one,
 Yet Three are on the single Throne.
 Holy Trinity! etc. Amen.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

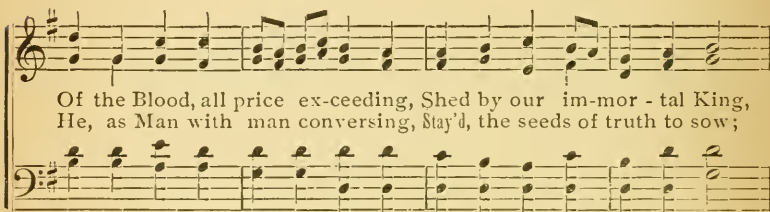
33. SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S GLORY.

8s, 7s, 6l.

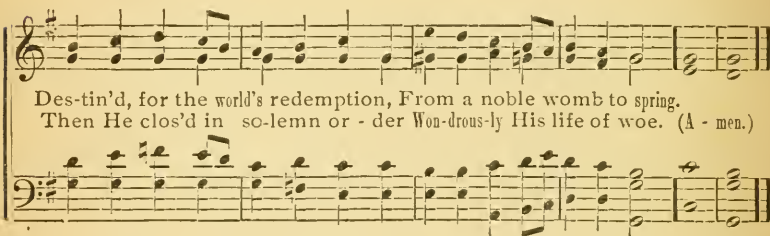
From Gounod.



1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory, Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
2. Of a pure and spotless Vir-gin Born for us on earth be-low,



Of the Blood, all price ex-ceeding, Shed by our im-mor - tal King,
He, as Man with man conversing, Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;



Des-tin'd, for the world's redemption, From a noble womb to spring.
Then He clos'd in so-lemn or - der Won-drous-ly His life of woe. (A - men.)

3. On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the Paschal Victim eating,
First fulfills the Law's command;
Then as Food to all His brethren
Gives Himself with His own hand.

5. Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

4. Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood he changes:—
What though sense no change discerns!
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

6. To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty. Amen.
For Latin words see Pange Lingua.

(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

34.

HAIL, TRUE BODY OF THE SAVIOUR.

8s, 7s, 6 l.

(AVE VERUM CORPUS.)



1. Hail, true Bo - dy of the Sa - viour, Spot - less Ma - ry's
2. From whose side, for sin - ners pierc - ed, Wa - ter flow'd, and



1. A - ve, ve - rum Cor - pus, na - tum Ex Ma - ri - a
2. Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - ra - tum Ve - ro flux - it



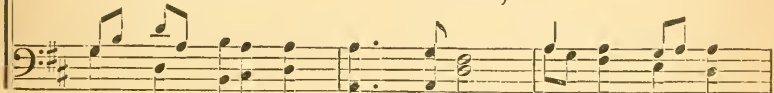
Vir - gin birth! Slain up - on the cross to cleanse us,
min - gled blood. May'st Thou, dear - est Lord, be gi - ven,



Vir - gi - ne, Ve - re pas - sum, im - mo - la - tum,
San - gui - ne. Es - to no - bis præ - gus - ta - tum,



By His pains, from sins of earth. } Hear us, mer - ci -
In death's hour to be our food. }



In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne. O cle - mens,
Mor - tis in ex - a - ni - me. O dul - cis,



ful and gra - cious, O sweet Je - su, Ma - ry's child. A - men.



O pi - e, } Je - su, Fi - li Ma - ri - a. A - men.
dul - cis Je - su, }

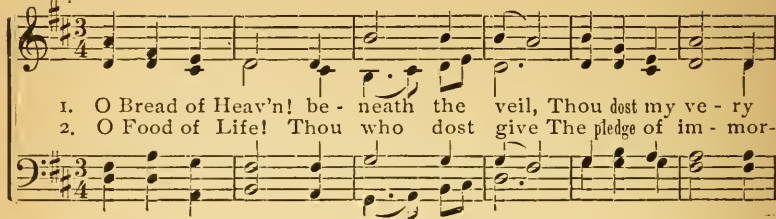
(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

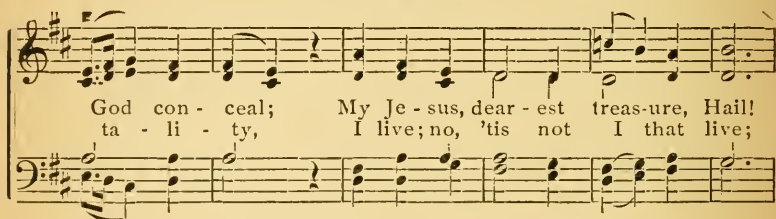
35.

O BREAD OF HEAVEN.

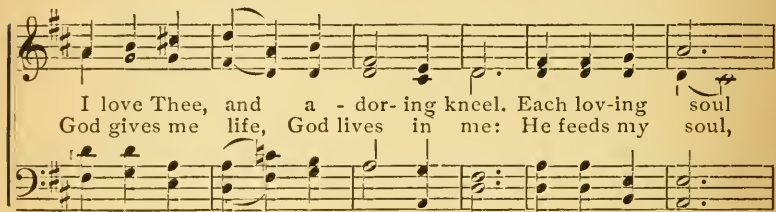
Ss. 61.



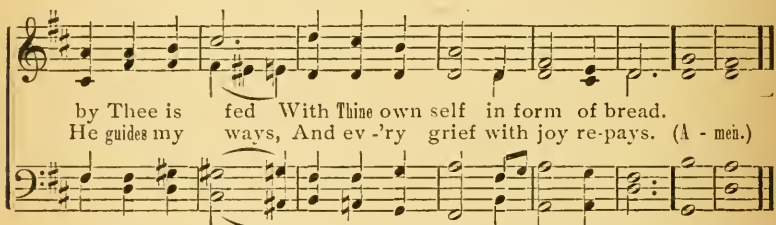
1. O Bread of Heav'n! be - neath the veil, Thou dost my ve - ry
2. O Food of Life! Thou who dost give The pledge of im - mor -



God con - ceal; My Je - sus, dear - est treas - ure, Hail!
ta - li - ty, I live; no, 'tis not I that live;



I love Thee, and a - dor - ing kneel. Each lov - ing soul
God gives me life, God lives in me: He feeds my soul,



by Thee is fed With Thine own self in form of bread.
He guides my ways, And ev - 'ry grief with joy re - pays. (A - men.)

3. My dearest God! who dost so bind
My heart with countless chains to Thee!
O sweetest Love, my soul shall find
In Thy dear bonds true liberty.
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,
Thine, Thine forever I will be.
4. Beloved Lord! In Heaven above,
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be;
For how can He deny me Heav'n,
Who here on earth Himself hath given? Amen.

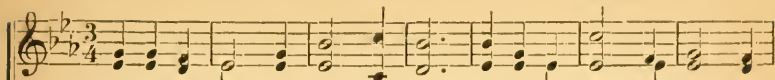
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

36.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL.

Ss. Gl.

Samuel A. Baldwin.



1. Jesus, my Lord, my God my all! How can I love Thee as I
2. Had I but Ma - ry's sin-less heart, To love Thee with, my dear-est
3. Thy Bod-y, Soul, and Godhead, all! O myste - ry of love di-
4. Sound, sound His praises high-er still, And come, ye Angels, to our
5. O earth grow flow'rs beneath His feet, And thou, O sun, shine bright this



ought? And how revere this wondrous gift, So far sur - pass - ing
King; Oh! with what bursts of fer-vent praise, Thy goodness, Je - sus
vine!— I can-not com-pass all I have, For all Thou hast and
aid, 'Tis God! 'tis God! the ver - y God, Whose pow'r both man and
day! He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth! Our Je - sus comes up-



hope or thought?
would I sing!
art are mine!
an-gels made!
on His way! } Sweet Sacrament! we Thee a-dore, O make us



love Thee more and more, O make us love Thee more and more. Amen.



(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

37.

IN THIS SACRAMENT SWEET JESUS.

Ss, 7s.

German Melody.

1. In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy
2. Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And Thy presence

flesh and blood, With Thy soul and God - head
I a - dore, And with all my heart I

al - so As our own most pre - cious food.
love Thee, May I love Thee more and more. (A - men.)

3. Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy, Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus, Giving us His flesh and blood,
Come, my soul's true life to be. Blessed be His Mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good.
4. Come, that I may live for ever, Thou in me and I in Thee
Living thus, I shall not perish, Sing then with devotion true;
But shall live eternally. "Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and life I give to you." Amen.
5. Blessed be the love of Jesus,
6. Blessed be the great St. Joseph,

38.

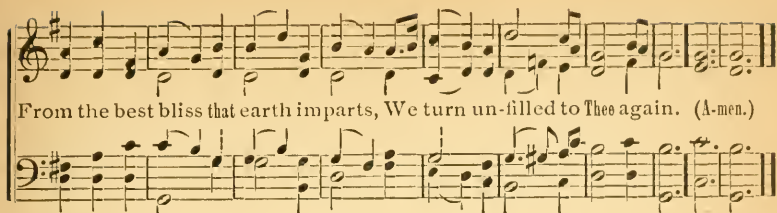
JESUS, THOU FOUNT OF LOVING HEARTS.

L. M.

From Mozart.

1. Je-sus Thou Joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.



From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to Thee again. (A-men.)

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; 4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Thou savest those that on Thee call; Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
To them that find Thee, All in All. Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

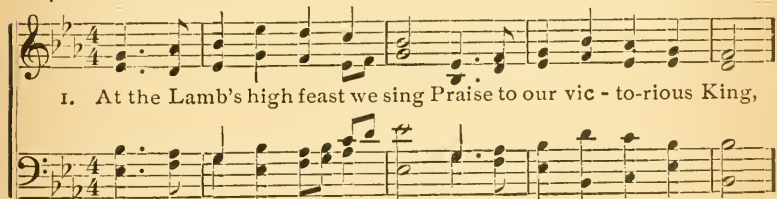
3. We taste Thee, O thou Living Bread, 5. O Jesus, ever with us stay;
And long to feast upon Thee still; Make all our moments calm and bright;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, Chase the dark night of sin away,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill! Shed o'er the world Thy holy light! Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

39. AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING.

7s.

Old French Melody.



I. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,



Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from His pierced side; (A-men.)

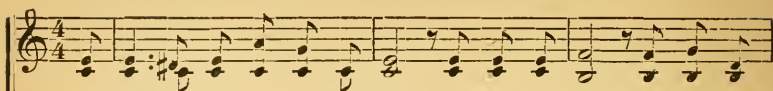
2. Praise we Him, whose love divine 4. Mighty Victim from the sky!
Gives His sacred blood for wine, Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Gives His body for the feast, Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest. Thou hast brought us life and light:

3. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, 5. Now no more can death appall,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread; Now no more the grave enthrall;
With sincerity and love Thou hast opened paradise,
Eat we manna from above. And in Thee Thy saints shall rise. Amen.

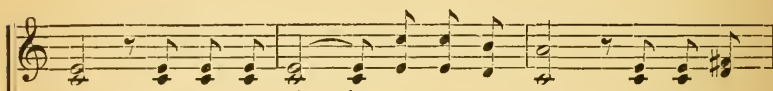
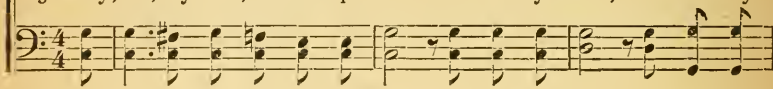
From Roman Breviary.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

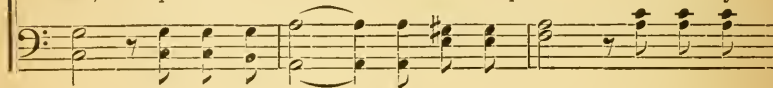
40. AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING SPRINGS.



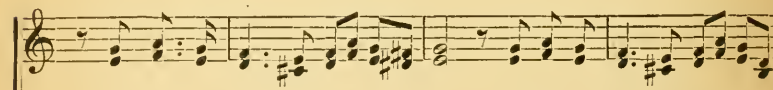
1. As pants the hart for cool-ing springs, Among the rocks, and bar-ren
2. My tears have flow'd by day and night, When I have felt Thy chast'ning
3. Where art Thou, Lord, my life, my all? Thou art a-bove, around with-
4. Joy! then and endless ju - bi - lee! Di-vine re-ward of faith and
5. Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed? God is thy drink, and He thy



sands, So doth my soul, O King of kings, Long for re-
rod; But wick-ed men en-joy the sight, And mocking,
in; What e'er be - tides, on Thee I call, To save me,
love; I hear the strains of har-mo - ny From the Tri-
food;— Bequeath'd to thee— His last be-quest— His Bo - dy



fresh-ment at Thy hands, Long for re-freshment at Thy hands.
ask'd, "Where's now Thy God"? And, mocking, ask'd, "Where's now Thy God"?
and to par-don sin, To save me, and to par-don sin.
umphant Church a - bove, From the Triumphant Church above.
and His Precious Blood, His Bo - dy and His Precious Blood



My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee, For Thee, the source of ev - 'ry



THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

grace. O when shall I Thy beauty see, When shall I

riten.
see Thee face to face, When shall I see Thee face to face? A-men.

4I.

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

Gregorian.

1. A-do-ro te de - vo - te, latens De - i - tas, Quæ sub his fi -
2. Je - su quem ve - la - tum nunc a - spi - ci - o, O - ro fi - at

gu - ris ve-re la-ti-tas; Ti-bi se cor me - um totum
il - lud, quod tam si - ti - o: Ut te re-ve - la - ta cernens

sub-ji-cit, Quia te contem - plans totum de - fi - cit,
fa - ci - e, Visu sim be - a - tus tu - æ glo - ri - æ. A - men.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

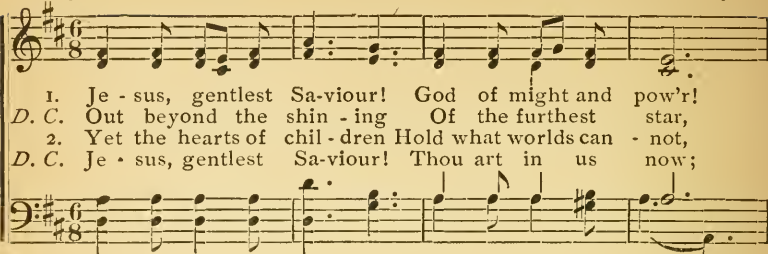
(Thanksgiving after Communion.)

42.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

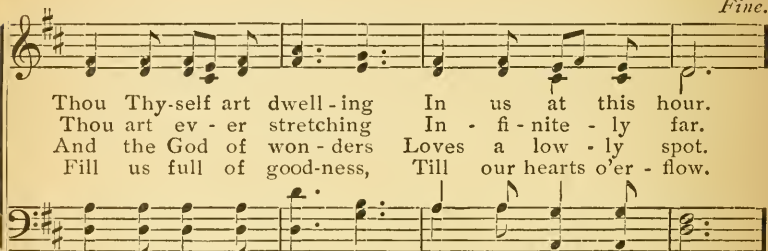
French Melody.

6s, 5s.

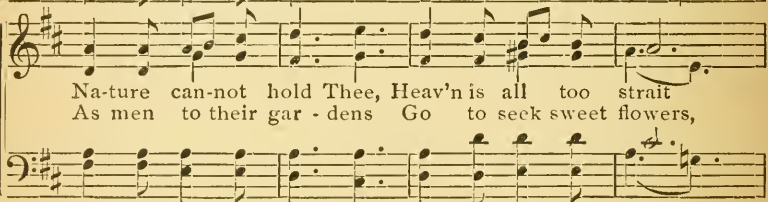


1. Je - sus, gentlest Sa-viour! God of might and pow'r!
 D. C. Out beyond the shin - ing Of the furthest star,
 2. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
 D. C. Je - sus, gentlest Sa-viour! Thou art in us now;

Fine.

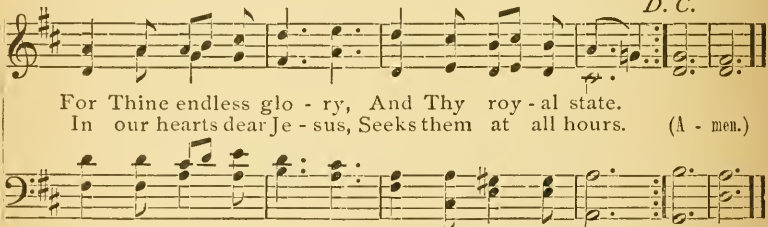


Thou Thy-self art dwell - ing In us at this hour.
 Thou art ev - er stretching In - fi - nite - ly far.
 And the God of won - ders Loves a low - ly spot.
 Fill us full of good-ness, Till our hearts o'er - flow.



Na-ture can-not hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait
 As men to their gar - dens Go to seek sweet flowers,

D. C.



For Thine endless glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
 In our hearts dear Je - sus, Seeks them at all hours. (A - men.)

3. Pray the prayer within us
 That to heaven shall rise;
 Sing the song that angels
 Sing above the skies.
 Multiply our graces,
 Chiefly love and fear,
 And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
 Grace to persevere.
 Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heav'n's eternal bliss.

4. Ah! when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home?
 We must wait for heaven,—
 Then the day will come.
 Now at least we'll keep Thee
 All the time we may;
 But Thy Grace and blessing
 We will keep away.
 When our hearts Thou leavest,
 Worthless though they be,
 Give them to Thy Mother
 To be kept for Thee. Amen.

THE SACRED HEART.

43.

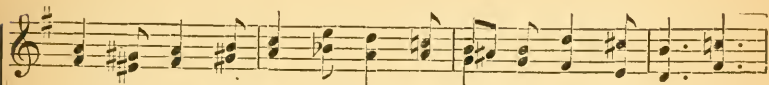
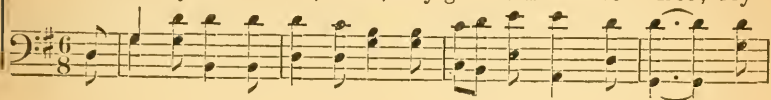
I DWELL A CAPTIVE IN THIS HEART.

C. M. D.

From Spohr.



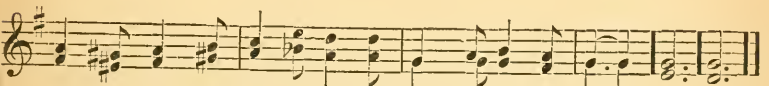
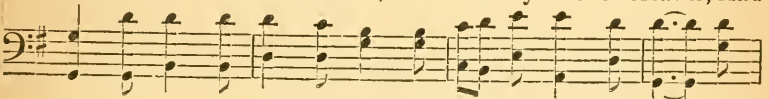
1. I dwell a captive in this Heart, Inflamed with love di - vine; 'Tis
2. Here like the dove with-in the Ark, Se-cure - ly I re - pose; Since
3. From every bond of earth, O Lord, Thy grace hath set me free; My



here I live a-lone in peace, And constant joy is mine. It
now the Lord is my de-fence, I fear no earth-ly foes. What
soul de - liv - ered from the snare, En - joys true lib - er - ty. Nought



is the Heart of God's own Son, In His human - i - ty, Who
though I suf - fer, still in love I ev - er true will be; My
more can I desire than this, To see Thy face in Heav'n; And



all en - amored of my soul, Here burns with love of me.
love of God shall deeper grow, When cross - es fall on me.
this I hope, since He on earth, His Heart in pledge hath giv'n. Amen.

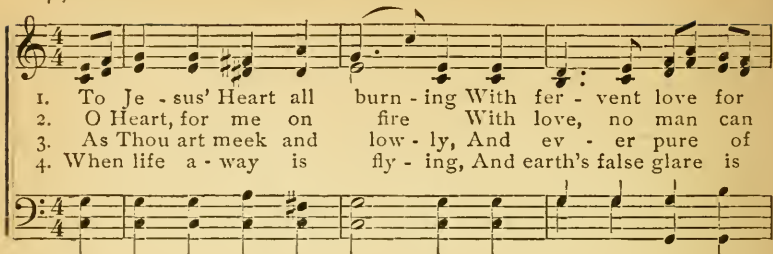


THE SACRED HEART.

44.

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

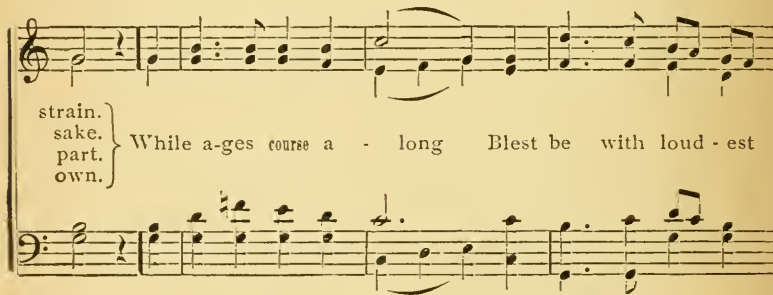
7s, 6s. D.



1. To Je - sus' Heart all burn - ing With fer - vent love for
 2. O Heart, for me on fire With love, no man can
 3. As Thou art meek and low - ly, And ev - er pure of
 4. When life a - way is fly - ing, And earth's false glare is



men, My heart with fondest yearn - ing Shall raise the joy - ful
 speak, My yet un - told de - sire God gives me for Thy
 Heart, So may my heart be whol - ly Of Thine the counter -
 done. Still, Sacred Heart, is dy - ing I'll say I'm all Thine



strain. } While a - ges course a - long Blest be with loud - est
 sake. }
 part. }
 own. }



song, The sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - ' ry heart and tongue,

THE SACRED HEART.

The Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue. A-men.

45.

O SACRED HEART.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. O Sa-cred Heart! Our home lies deep in Thee, On
 2. O Sa-cred Heart! Thou Fount of con-trite tears, Where-
 3. O Sa-cred Heart! Our trust is all in Thee, For

earth Thou art an ex-ile's rest, In heav'n the glo - ry
 'er those liv - ing wa - ters flow, New life to sin-ners
 though earth's night be dark and drear, Thou breathest rest when

of the blest,
 they be-stow, } O Sa-cred Heart! O Sacred Heart! (A-men.)
 Thou art near, }

4. O Sacred Heart!

When shades of death shall fall,
 Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
 And save us from the tempters snare,
 O Sacred Heart!

5. O Sacred Heart!

Lead exiled children home
 Where we may ever rest near Thee,
 In peace and joy eternally,
 O Sacred Heart! Amen.

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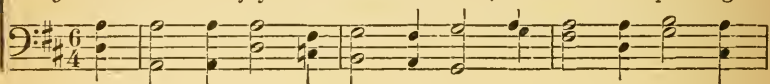
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

46. HAIL! JESUS, HAIL! WHO FOR MY SAKE.

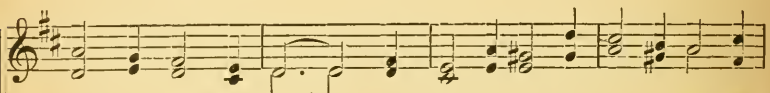
8s, 6s.



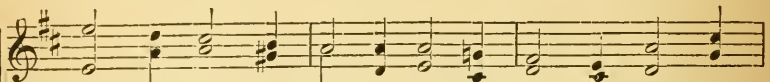
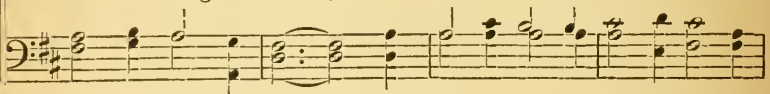
1. Hail! Je - sus, hail! who for my sake, Sweet Blood from Ma - ry's
2. To end - less a - ges let us praise The Precious Blood whose
3. O sweet - est Blood, that can im-plore The peace of God, and
4. Oh to be sprinkled from the wells Of Christ's own sa-cred
5. Ah! there is joy a-mid the saints, And hell's des-pair-ing



veins didst take, And shed . it all for me, And
price could raise The world from wrath and sin, The
heaven re-store, The heav'n which sin had lost, The
Blood, ex - cels Earth's best and high - est bliss, Earth's
cour - age faints When this sweet song we raise, When



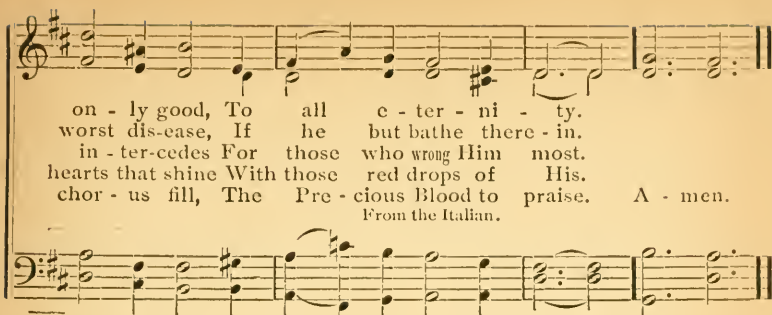
shed it all for me; Oh bless-ed be my Saviour's Blood, My
world from wrath and sin; Whose streams our inward thirst ap-peace, And
heav'n which sin had lost; While A-bel's blood for vengence pleads, What
best and high-est bliss: The min-is-ters of wrath divine, Hurt
this sweet song we raise; Oh louder then, and louder still, Earth



life, my light, my on - ly good, My life, my light, my
heal the sin - ner's worst disease, And heal the sin - ner's
Je - sus shed still in-ter-cedes, What Je - sus shed still
not the hap - py hearts that shine, Hurt not the hap - py
with one might - y chor - us fill, Earth with one might - y



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.



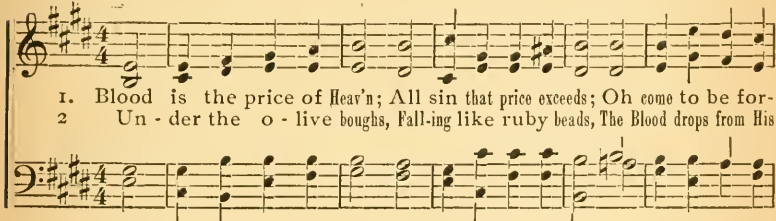
on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 worst dis-ease, If he but bathe there - in.
 in - ter-ces For those who wrong Him most.
 hearts that shine With those red drops of His.
 chor - us fill, The Pre - cious Blood to praise. A - men.
 From the Italian.

47.

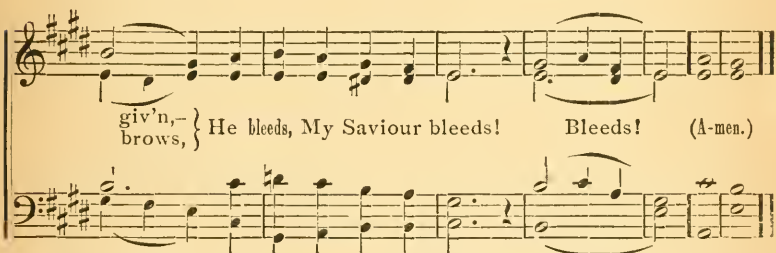
BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.



1. Blood is the price of Heav'n; All sin that price exceeds; Oh come to be for-
 2 Un - der the o - live boughs, Fall-ing like ruby beads, The Blood drops from His



giv'n, - } He bleeds, My Saviour bleeds! Bleeds! (A-men.)
 brows,

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds, etc. | 6. He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds:
He sheds His Blood for me,
He bleeds, etc. |
| 4. Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down,—
He bleeds, etc. | 7. His Blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;
He bleeds, etc. |
| 5. Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with Blood;
He bleeds, etc. | 8. O sweet! O Precious Blood!
What love, what love it breeds,
Ransom, Reward, and Food,
He bleeds, etc. Amen. |

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—HOLY BAPTISM.

48.

WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR.

7s, 6s, D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

I. { We come to Thee, sweet Saviour! Just because we need Thee so: }
 { None need Thee more than we do: Nor are half so vile or low. }

O boun-ti - ful sal - va-tion! O life e - ter - nal won! O

plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion! O blood of Mary's Son! (A - men.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 With our broken faith again;
 We know Thou wilt forgive us,
 Nor upbraid us, nor complain.
 O bountiful salvation! etc.</p> | <p>4. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 For to whom, Lord, can we go?
 The words of life eternal
 From Thy lips for ever flow.
 O bountiful Salvation! etc.</p> |
| <p>3. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 It is love that makes us come:
 We are certain of our welcome,
 Of our Father's welcome home.
 O bountiful salvation! etc.</p> | <p>5. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 And Thou wilt not ask us why:
 We cannot live without Thee,
 And still less without Thee die.
 O bountiful salvation! etc.</p> |

49.

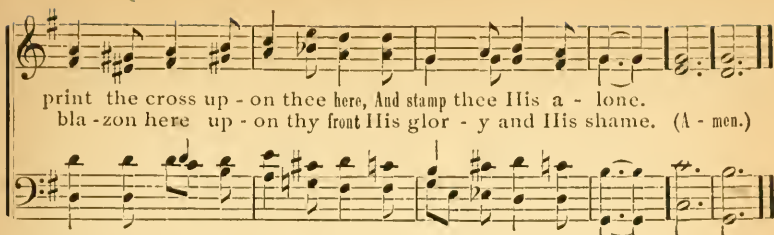
IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.

C. M.

From Spohr.

1. In token that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci-fied to own, We
 2. In token that thou shalt not blush To glo-ry in His Name, We

HOLY MATRIMONY.

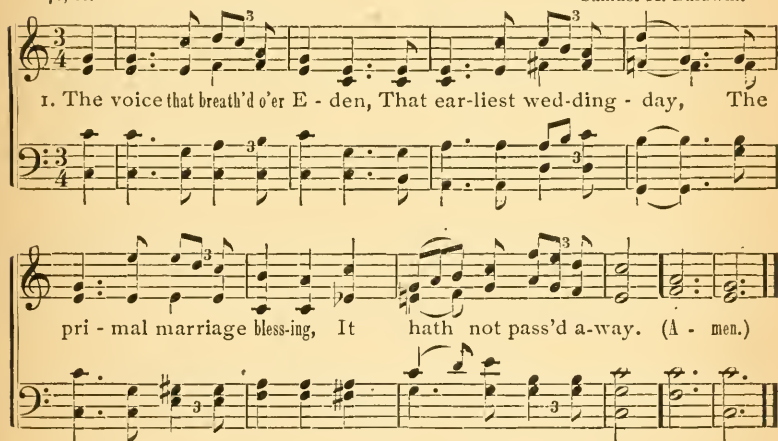


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travell'd by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit thee down on high;</p> | <p>4. Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for His own;
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

50. THE VOICE THAT BREATH'D O'ER EDEN.

7s, 6s.

Samuel A. Baldwin.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Still in the pure espousal
 Of Christian man and maid,
 The holy Three are with us,
 The threefold grace is said.</p> <p>3. Be present, awful Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of His own pierced side.</p> <p>4. Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their loving hands,
 As Thou didst bind two natures
 In Thine eternal bands!</p> | <p>5. Be present, holiest Spirit,
 To bless them as they kneel,
 As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
 The heavenly spouse dost seal!</p> <p>6. O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
 Let no ill power find place,
 When onward to Thine altar
 Their hallow'd path they trace,</p> <p>7. To cast their crowns before Thee
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

CONFIRMATION.

51. SIGN'D WITH THE CROSS THAT JESUS BORE.

8s, 6s.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Sign'd with the Cross that Je - sus bore, We kneel and trem - bling -
 2. Now, in that presence dread and sweet, His own dear Spir - it
 3. Spir - it of wis - dom, turn our eyes From earth and earth - ly
 4. Spir - it of coun - sel, be our guide; Teach us, by earth - ly

ly a - dore Our King up - on His throne. The lights up -
 we en - treat, Who seven - fold gifts hath shed On us, who
 van - i - ties To heaven - ly truth and love. Spir - it of
 strug - gles tried, Our heaven - ly crown to win. Spir - it of

on the al - tar shine Around His Ma - jes -
 fall be - fore Him now, Bear - ing the Cross up -
 un - der - stand - ing true, Our souls with heaven - ly
 for - ti - tude, Thy power Be with us in temp -

ty di - vine, Our God and Ma - ry's Son.
 on our brow, On which our Mas - ter bled.
 light en - due, To seek the things a - - bove.
 ta - tion's hour, To keep us pure from sin. (A - men -)

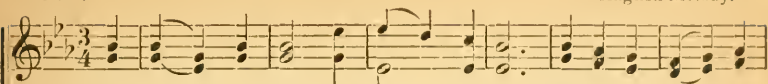
5. Spirit of knowledge, lead our feet 6. But most of all, be ever near,
 In Thine own paths so safe and sweet, Spirit of God's most holy fear,
 By angel footsteps trod; Within our inmost shrine;
 Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be, Our souls with awful rev'rence fill,
 Spirit of gentle piety, To worship His most holy Will,
 To keep us close to God. All righteous and divine. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

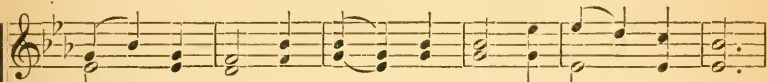
52. HAIL QUEEN OF HEAVEN, THE OCEAN STAR.

Ss. 61.

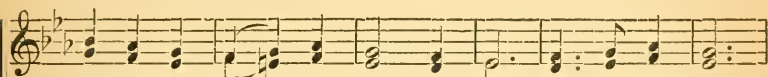
English Melody.



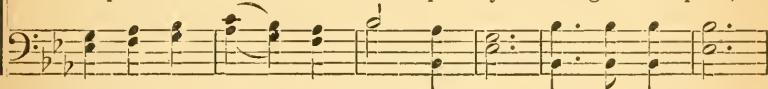
1. Hail! Queen of Heaven, the o - cean star, Guide of the wan-d'rer
2. O gen - tle, chaste and spotless maid, We sinners make our



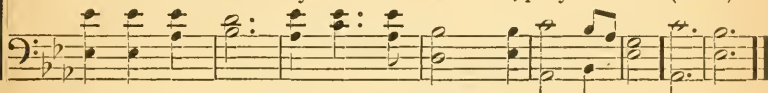
here be - low: Tossed on life's surge we claim thy care;
prayers through Thee; Re - mind thy Son that He has paid



Save us from per - il and from woe. Moth - er of Christ,
The price for our in - i - qui - ty. Vir - gin most pure,



Star of the Sea, Pray for the wan-d'rer, pray for me.
Star of the Sea. Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me. (A-men.)



3. Sojourners in this vale of tears
To thee, blest advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fear,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
4. And while to Him who reigns above,
In God-head one; in Person, Three;
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

53.

DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY.

8s, 7s. D.

1. Dai - ly, dai-ly sing to Ma-ry, Sing, my soul, her prais-es due;

All her feasts, her actions worship, With the heart's de-votion true.
D.S. Call her Mother, call her Vir-gin, Hap - py Mother, Virgin blest.

Lost in wond'ring contemplation, Be her Majes-ty confess'd: (A-men.)

2. She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly;
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of Heaven she has given,
Noble Lady, to our race:
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects,
With the light of God's own grace.
3. Sing, my tongue The Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore,
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen:
Weary not nor faint in telling,
All the gifts she gives to men. Amen.

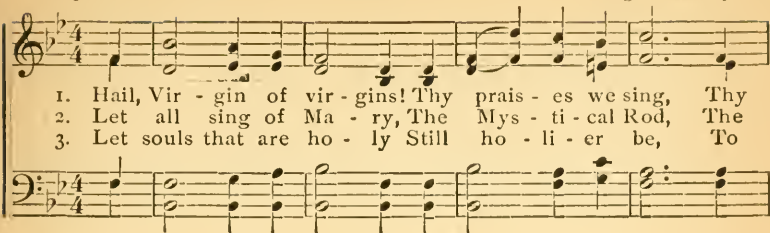
THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

54.

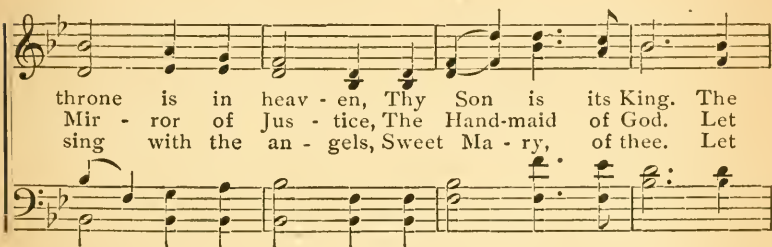
HAIL VIRGIN OF VIRGINS.

6s, 5s. D.

English Melody.



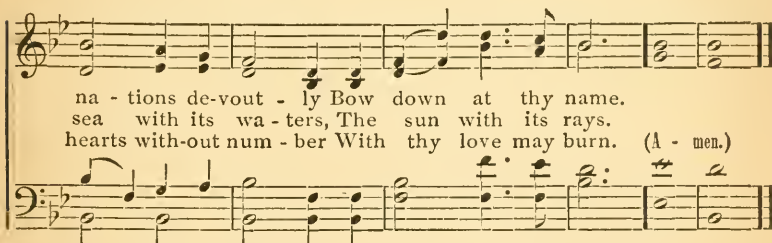
1. Hail, Vir - gin of vir - gins! Thy prais - es we sing, Thy
 2. Let all sing of Ma - ry, The Mys - ti - cal Rod, The
 3. Let souls that are ho - ly Still ho - li - er be, To



throne is in heav - en, Thy Son is its King. The
 Mir - ror of Jus - tice, The Hand-maid of God. Let
 sing with the an - gels, Sweet Ma - ry, of thee. Let



saints and the an - gels Thy glo - ry proclaim; All
 val - ley and moun - tain U - nite in her praise, The
 all who are sin - ners To vir - tue re - turn, That



na - tions de - vout - ly Bow down at thy name.
 sea with its wa - ters, The sun with its rays.
 hearts with - out num - ber With thy love may burn. (A - men.)

4. Thy name is our power,
 Thy love is our light;
 We praise thee at morning,
 At noon and at night.
 We thank thee, we bless thee,
 When happy and free;
 When tempted by Satan,
 We call upon thee.

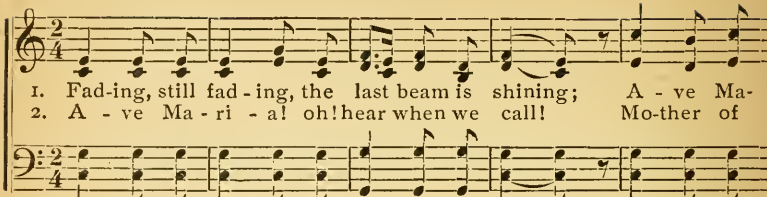
5. Oh! be thou our Mother,
 And pray to the Lord,
 That all may acknowledge
 And worship His word.
 That good men with courage
 May walk in His ways,
 And bad men, converted,
 May join in His praise. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

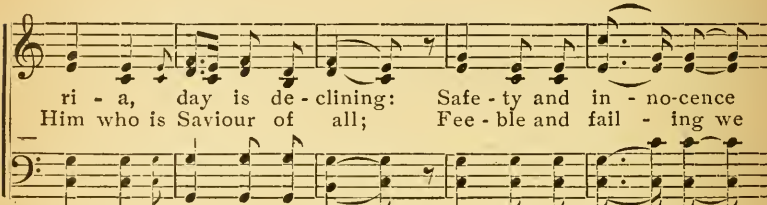
55.

FADING, STILL FADING.

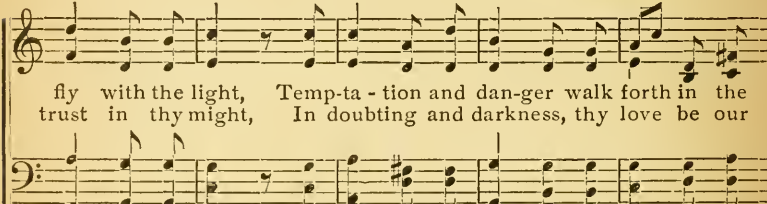
P. M.



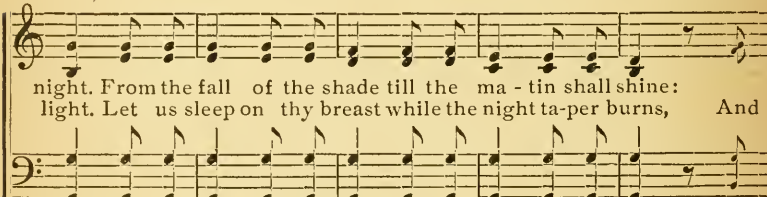
1. Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; A - ve Ma-
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! oh! hear when we call! Mo-ther of



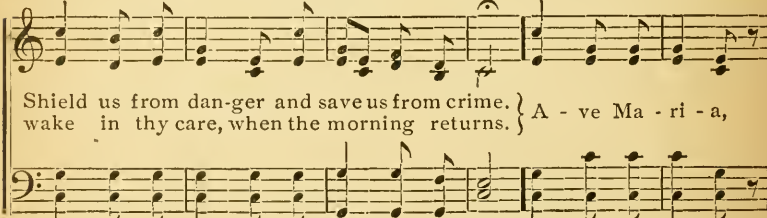
ri - a, day is de - clining: Safe - ty and in - no - cence
Him who is Saviour of all; Fee - ble and fail - ing we



fly with the light, Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth in the
trust in thy night, In doubting and darkness, thy love be our



night. From the fall of the shade till the ma - tin shall shine:
light. Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And



Shield us from dan - ger and save us from crime. } A - ve Ma - ri - a,
wake in thy care, when the morning returns. }

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A-ve Ma - ri - a, A-ve Ma - ri - a, au - di nos. A - men.

56.

O SANCTISSIMA.

1. O sanc-tis - si - ma, O pi - is - si - ma, Dul - cis
2. To - ta pul - chra es, O Ma - ri - - a, Et ma -
3. Si - cut li - li - um, in - ter spi - - nas, Sic Ma -
4. In mi - se - ri - a, in an - gus - ti - a, O - ra

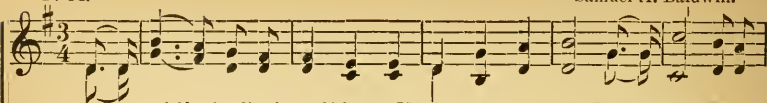
Vir - go Ma - ri - - a. Ma - ter a - ma - ta, in - te-me-
cu - la non est in te. Ma - ter a - ma - ta, in - te-me-
ri - a in - ter fi - lias. Ma - ter a - ma - ta, in - te-me-
Vir - go, pro no - bis. Pro no-bis o - ra, in mor-tis

ra - ta, O - - ra, o - ra pro no - bis.
ra - ta, O - - ra, o - ra pro no - bis.
ra - ta, O - - ra, o - ra pro no - bis.
ho - ra, O - - ra, o - ra pro no - bis. A-men.

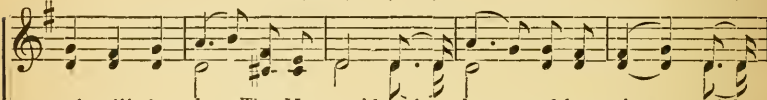
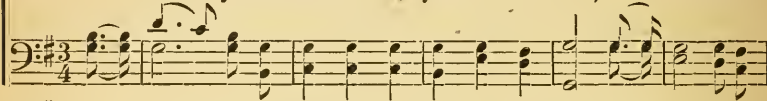
57. *ALL IS DIVINE WHICH THE HIGHEST HATH MADE.*

P. M.

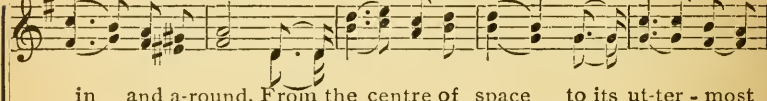
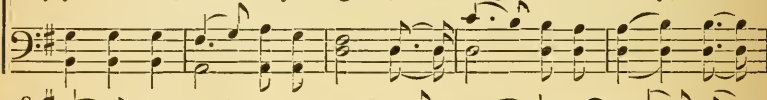
Samuel A. Baldwin.



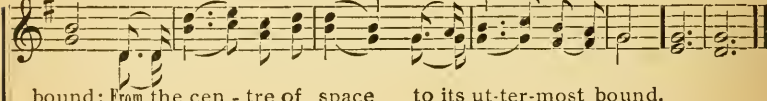
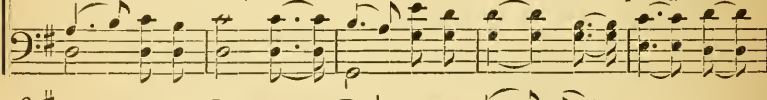
1. All is di-vine which the Highest hath made Through the days that He
2. In beau - ty surpassing the u-ni-verse smiled, On the morn of its
3. Yet worlds brighter still and a brighter than those And a brighter a-
4. But I know of one work of His In - fi - nite Hand Which special and
5. The fresh-ness of May and the sweetness of June, And the fire of Ju-
6. O Ma - ry all months and all days are thine own, In thee lasts their



wrought till the day When He stay'd; A - bove and be - low, with
birth, like an in - nocent child, - Or like the rich bloom of some
gain, He had made, had He chose; And you never could name that con-
sin-gu - lar ev - er must stand; So per - fect, so pure, and of
ly in its pass-ion-ate noon, Mu - ni - ficent August, Sep-
joy - ousness, when they are gone, And we give to thee May, not be-

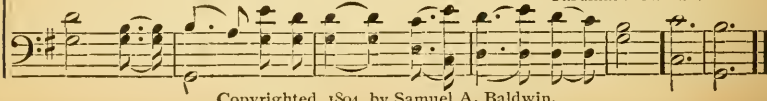


in and a-round, From the centre of space to its ut-ter - most
de - licate flow'r; And the Fa-ther re - joic'd in the work of His
ceiv - able best, To ex-haust the re-sources the maker pos-
sits such a store, That e - ven Om - ni-po - tence ne'er shall do
tem-ber se-rene, Are to-ge-th - er no match for my glori - ous
cause it is best, But be-cause it comes first and is pledge of the



bound; From the cen - tre of space to its ut-ter-most bound.
power; And the Fa-ther re-joic'd in the work of His pow'r.
sess'd; To ex - haust the re-sources the Maker pos - sess'd.
more; That e - ven Omni-po - tence ne'er shall do more.
Queen; Are to-ge-th - er no match for my glori - ous Queen.
rest; But be - cause it comes first and is pledge of the rest. Amen.

Cardinal Newman.

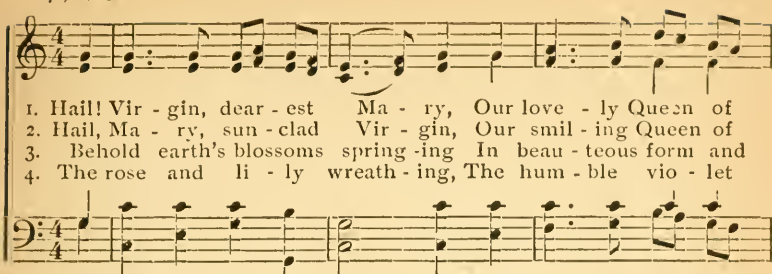


THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

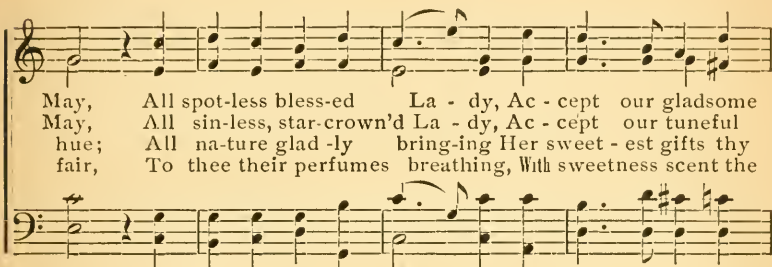
58.

HAIL VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY.

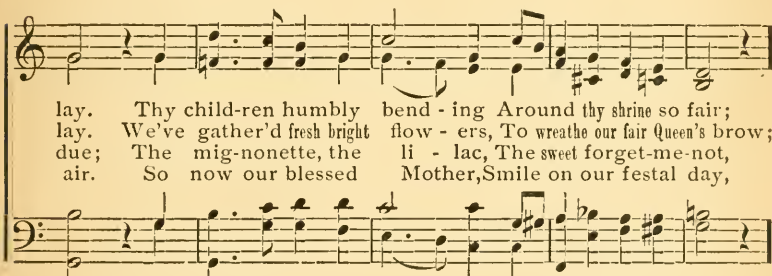
78, 6a 2.



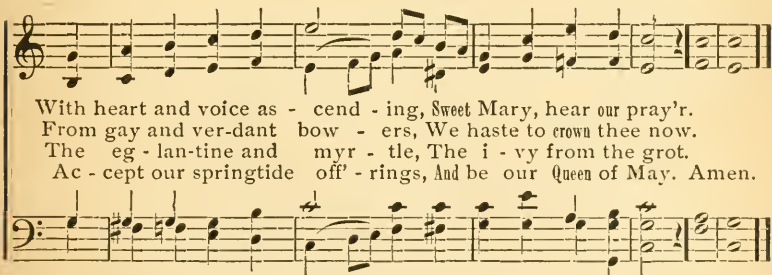
1. Hail! Vir - gin, dear - est Ma - ry, Our love - ly Queen of
 2. Hail, Ma - ry, sun - clad Vir - gin, Our smil - ing Queen of
 3. Behold earth's blossoms spring - ing In beau - teous form and
 4. The rose and li - ly wreath - ing, The hum - ble vio - let



May, All spot-less bless-ed La - dy, Ac - cept our gladsome
 May, All sin-less, star-crown'd La - dy, Ac - cept our tuneful
 hue; All na-ture glad - ly bring-ing Her sweet - est gifts thy
 fair, To thee their perfumes breathing, With sweetness scent the



lay. Thy child-ren humbly bend - ing Around thy shrine so fair;
 lay. We've gather'd fresh bright flow - ers, To wreath our fair Queen's brow;
 due; The mig-nonette, the li - lac, The sweet forget-me-not,
 air. So now our blessed Mother, Smile on our festal day,



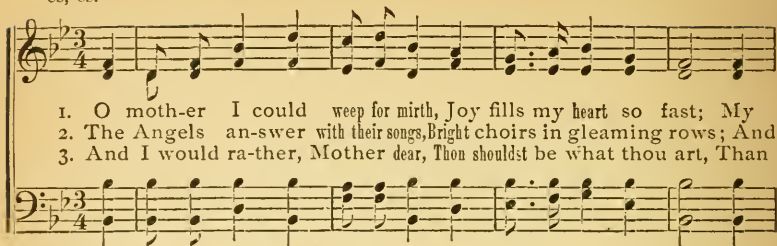
With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet Mary, hear our pray'r.
 From gay and ver-dant bow - ers, We haste to crown thee now.
 The eg - lan-tine and myr - tle, The i - vy from the grot.
 Ac - cept our springtide off' - rings, And be our Queen of May. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

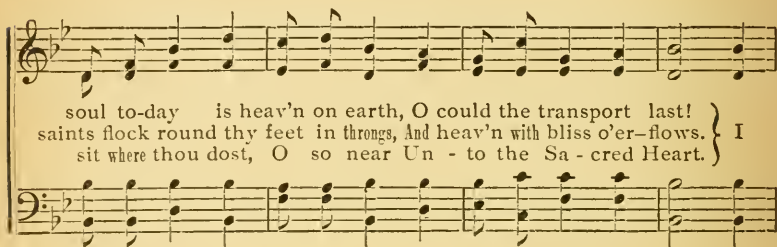
59.

IMMACULATE! IMMACULATE!

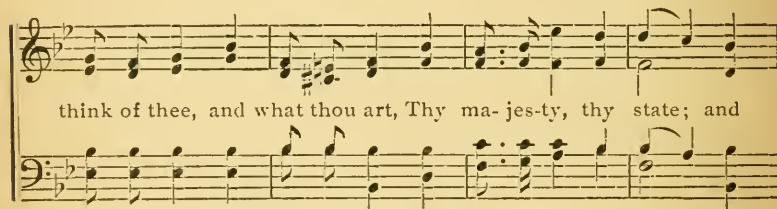
8s, 6s.



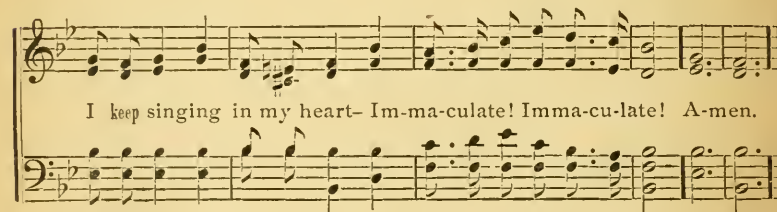
1. O moth-er I could weep for mirth, Joy fills my heart so fast; My
 2. The Angels an-swer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming rows; And
 3. And I would ra-ther, Mother dear, Thou shouldst be what thou art, Than



soul to-day is heav'n on earth, O could the transport last!
 saints flock round thy feet in throngs, And heav'n with bliss o'er-flows. } I
 sit where thou dost, O so near Un - to the Sa - cred Heart. }



think of thee, and what thou art, Thy ma-jes-ty, thy state; and



I keep singing in my heart- Im-ma-culate! Imma-cu-late! A-men.

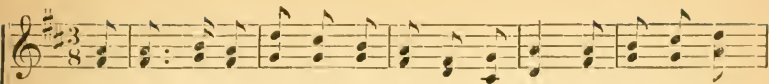
4. Yes, I would forfeit all for thee, Rather than thou shouldst miss
 One jewel from thy majesty,
 One glory from thy bliss.
 I think of thee, etc.
5. Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
 O what a joy for thee!
 Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
 O greater joy for me!
 I think of thee, etc.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

60.

O PUREST OF CREATURES.

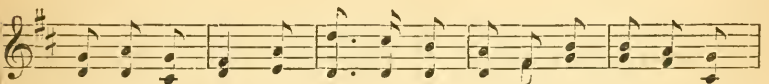
118.



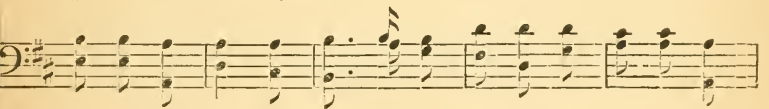
1. O pur - est of creatures; sweet Mother, sweet Maid! The one spotless
2. To sin - ners what com - fort, to an - gels What mirth; That God found one
3. So wor - ship we God in these rude latter days; So worship we
4. Deep night hath come down on us Mother! deep night, We need more than



womb wherein Je - sus was laid, Dark night hath come down on us
crea - ture un - fall - en on earth, One spot where His Spir - it un -
Je - sus our Love when we praise His won - der - ful grace in the
ev - er the guide of thy light; For the darker the night is, the



Moth - er, and we, Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the
troubled could be, The depth of thy shining, sweet Star of the
gifts He gave thee, The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the
bright - er should be Thy beau - ti - ful shining, sweet Star of the



Sea, Look out for thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.
Sea, The depth of thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.
Sea, The gift of clear shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.
Sea, Thy beau - ti - ful shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea. A - men.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

61. O MAID CONCEIVED WITHOUT A STAIN.

C. M. D.

1. O Maid conceiv'd without a stain, O Moth - er bright and
 2. Thou art far pur - er than the snow, Far bright - er than the
 3. O then for us, thy children, plead, Thy pi - ty we im-

fair, Come thou within our hearts to reign, And grace shall triumph
 day; Thy beau - ty none on earth can know, No tongue of men can
 plore; That we from sin and sorrow freed, May love thee more and

there. Hail, Ma-ry ever undefiled, Hail, Queen of puri - ty! O
 say. O Mother of all mothers best, Who soothest every grief, In
 more. Hail, Mary, ever undefiled, Hail, Queen of puri - ty! O

make thy children chaste and mild, And turn their hearts to thee.
 thee the weary find their rest, And anguish'd hearts re - lief.
 make thy children chaste and mild, And turn their hearts to thee. A-men.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

62.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

6s, 5s. D.

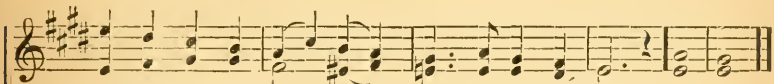
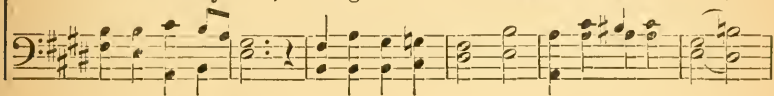
(HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF OCEAN.)



1. A-ve, Maris stel - la, De-i ma-ter al-ma, Atque semper Virgo,
1. Hail, bright star of o-cean, God's own Mother blest; Ever sinless Virgin,



Fe-lix cœ-li porta. Sumens illud A - ve Ga-bri - e - lis ore,
Gate of heav'nly rest; Taking that sweet A-ve Which from Gabriel came,



Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mu - tans E - vœ nomen.
Peace confirm with - in us, Changing E - va's name. (A - men.)



2. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.
Monstra te esse matrem
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

2. Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling
Ev'ry bliss implore.
Show thyself a mother;
May the Word divine
Born for us thine Infant,
Hear our prayers thro' thine.

3. Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.
Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collætémur.

3. Virgin all excelling,
Mildest of the mild,
Freed from guilt, preserve us
Meek and undefiled;
Keep our life all spotless,
Make our way secure,
Till we find in Jesus
Joy for evermore.

(Sing following stanza to first eight measures.) (Sing following stanza to first eight measures.)

4. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

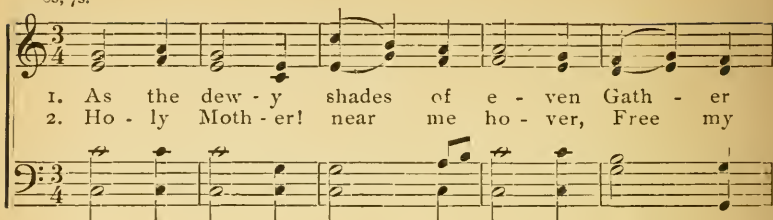
4. Through the highest Heaven
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be. Amen.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

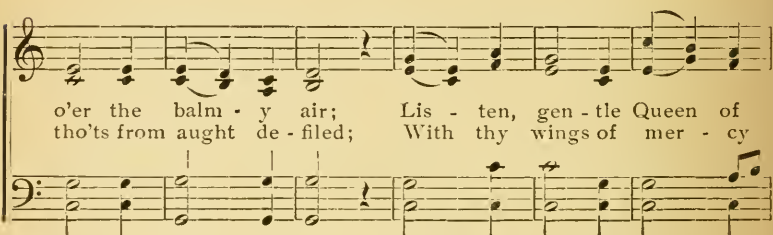
63.

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

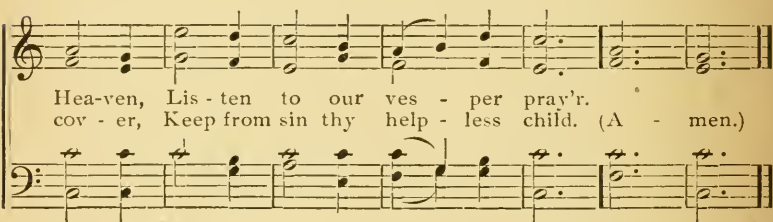
Ss, 7s.



1. As the dew - y shades of e - ven Gath - er
2. Ho - ly Moth - er! near me ho - ver, Free my



o'er the balm - y air; Lis - ten, gen - tle Queen of
tho'ts from aught de - filed; With thy wings of mer - cy



Hea-ven, Lis - ten to our ves - per pray'r.
cov - er, Keep from sin thy help - less child. (A - men.)

3. Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;
Holy Mother! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.
4. Queen of heaven guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair;
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care. Amen.

ST. JOSEPH.

64.

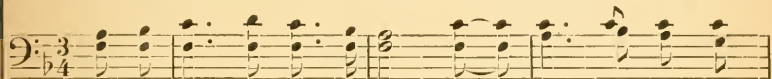
THERE ARE MANY SAINTS ABOVE.

P. M.

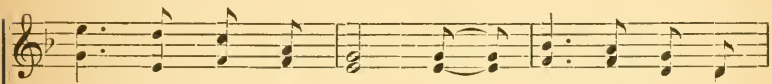
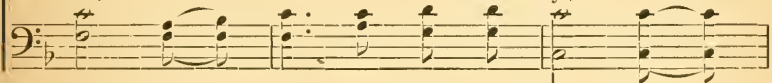
Samuel A. Baldwin.



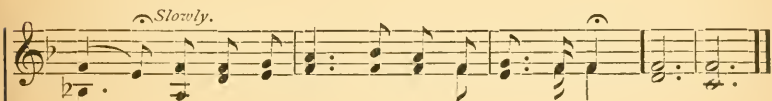
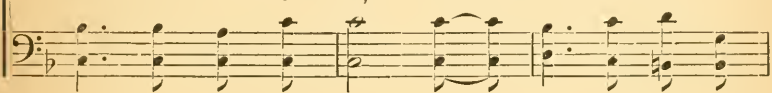
1. There are ma - ny saints above Who love us with true
2. Thou wert guardian of our Lord, Foster - fa - ther of the
3. Thou wert Ma-ry's earth - ly guide, For ev - er at her
4. Sad - ly o'er the de-sert sand, Into E - gypt's darksome



love, Many an - gels ev - er nigh; But
Word, Who in thine arms did lie: If
side, Oh for her sake hear our cry; For we
land, As as ex - ile didst thou fly; And



Jo - seph! none there be, Oh none, who love like
we His brothers be, We are fos - ter-sons to
fol - low in thy way, Loving Ma - ry as we
we are ex - iles too, With a world to tra - vel



thee,—
thee,—
may; } Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die! A - men.
through;

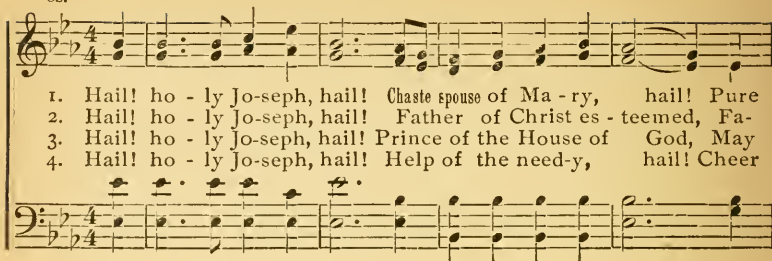


ST. JOSEPH.

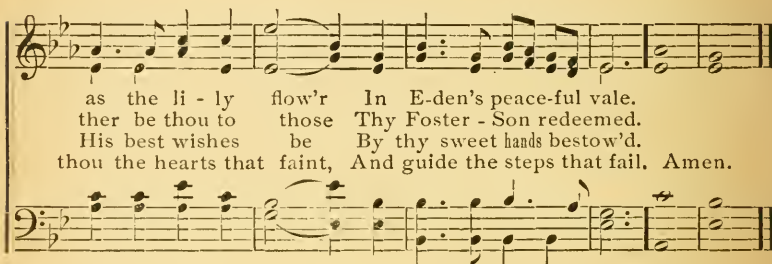
65.

HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH HAIL!

6s.



1. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Chaste spouse of Ma - ry, hail! Pure
 2. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Father of Christ es - teemed, Fa-
 3. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Prince of the House of God, May
 4. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Help of the need-y, hail! Cheer

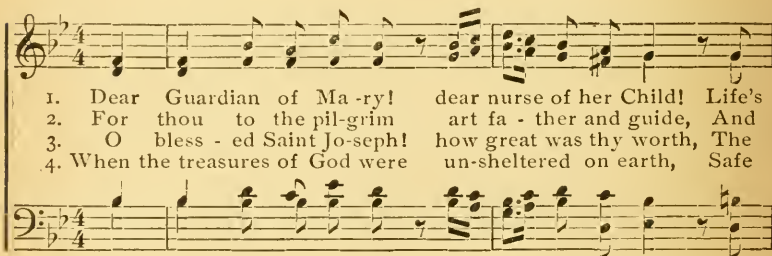


as the li - ly flow'r In E-den's peace-ful vale.
 ther be thou to those Thy Foster - Son redeemed.
 His best wishes be By thy sweet hands bestow'd.
 thou the hearts that faint, And guide the steps that fail. Amen.

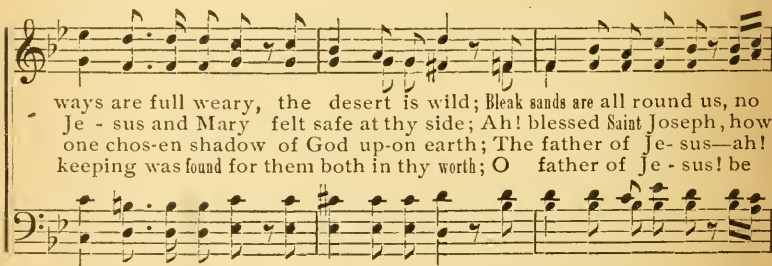
66.

DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.

11s.



1. Dear Guardian of Ma - ry! dear nurse of her Child! Life's
 2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa - ther and guide, And
 3. O bless - ed Saint Jo-seph! how great was thy worth, The
 4. When the treasures of God were un-sheltered on earth, Safe



ways are full weary, the desert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no
 Je - sus and Mary felt safe at thy side; Ah! blessed Saint Joseph, how
 one chos-en shadow of God up-on earth; The father of Je - sus—ah!
 keeping was found for them both in thy worth; O father of Je - sus! be



home can we see; Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.
 safe should I be, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me.
 then wilt thou be, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me.
 fa-ther to me, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee. A-men.



67.

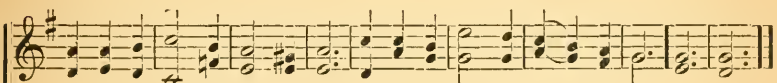
JOY OF THE SAINTS.

L. M.

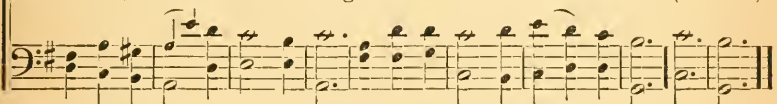
From Pleyel.



1. Joy of the Saints! who didst uphold Our life's sure hope, the world's one stay,
2. The great Crea- tor made it thine To be the spouse of pur-est maid,
3. Thou seest with joy in man-ger lie The Saviour sung by seers of yore,



Joseph! as now thy praise is told, Harken to us in love to-day.
 And father of the Word divine In name, salvation's work to aid.
 And him, the Son of God most high In lowliness thou didst adore. (A-men.)



4. The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
 The God whom heaven in awe attends,
 Whose nod makes trembling demons fall,
 To thee in meek submission bends.
5. To God most high, the Three in One
 Be praise, who gave such grace to thee.
 He makes us win what thou hast won,
 The joys of life, eternally. Amen.

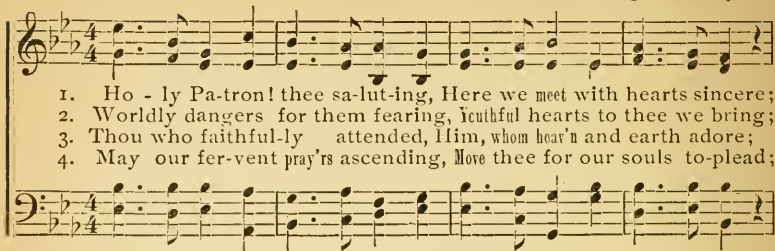
ST. JOSEPH.

68.

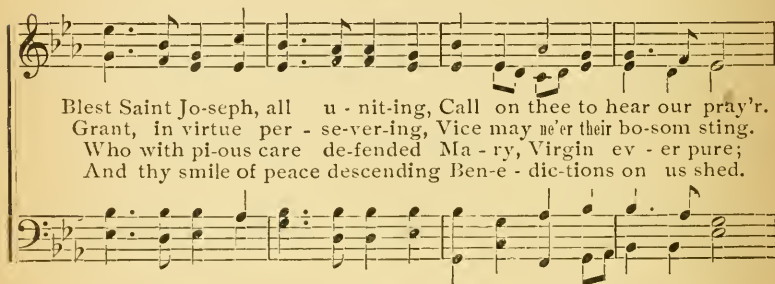
HOLY PATRON, THEE SALUTING.

8s, 7s. D.

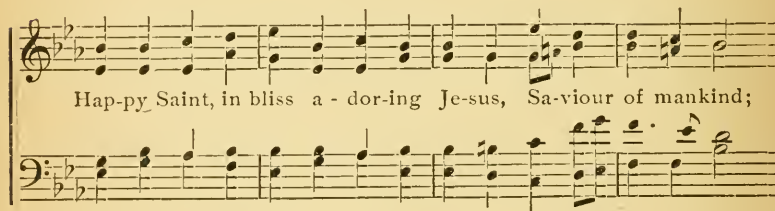
English Melody.



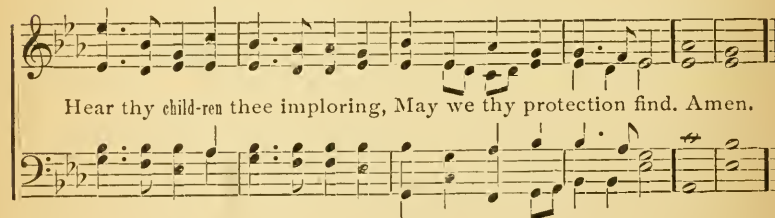
1. Ho - ly Pa-tron! thee sa-lut-ing, Here we meet with hearts sincere;
 2. Worldly dangers for them fearing, Youthful hearts to thee we bring;
 3. Thou who faithful-ly attended, Him, whom heav'n and earth adore;
 4. May our fer-vent pray'rs ascending, Move thee for our souls to-plead;



Blest Saint Jo-seph, all u - nit-ing, Call on thee to hear our pray'r.
 Grant, in virtue per - se-ver-ing, Vice may ne'er their bo-som sting.
 Who with pi-ous care de-fended Ma - ry, Virgin ev - er pure;
 And thy smile of peace descending Ben-e - dic-tions on us shed.



Hap-py Saint, in bliss a - dor-ing Je-sus, Sa-viour of mankind;



Hear thy child-ren thee imploring, May we thy protection find. Amen.

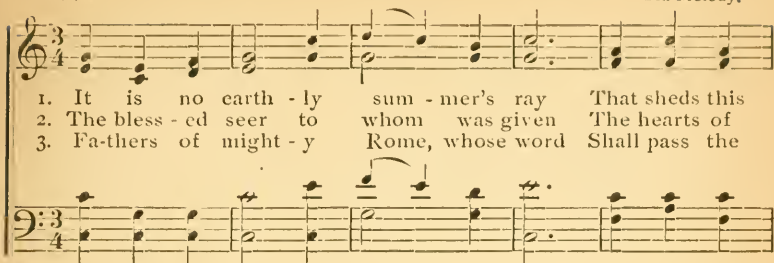
STS. PETER AND PAUL.

69.

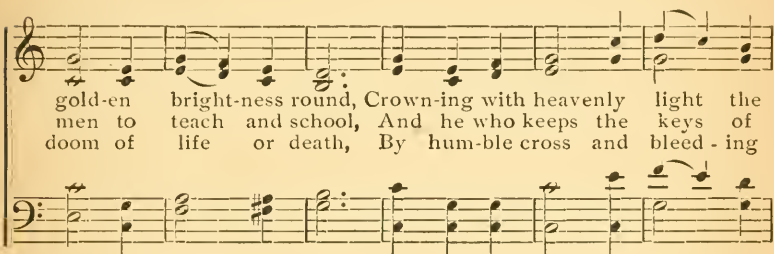
IT IS NO EARTHLY SUMMER'S RAY.

L. M


Old Melody.



1. It is no earth - ly sum - mer's ray That sheds this
 2. The bless - ed seer to whom was given The hearts of
 3. Fa - thers of might - y Rome, whose word Shall pass the



gold - en bright - ness round, Crown - ing with heavenly light the
 men to teach and school, And he who keeps the keys of
 doom of life or death, By hum - ble cross and bleed - ing



day The Prin - ces of the Church were crowned.
 heaven For those on earth that own his rule,—
 sword Well have they won their lau - rel wreath. (A - men.)

4. O happy Rome, made holy now
 By these two martyrs' glorious blood,
 Earth's best and fairest cities bow,
 By thy superior claims subdued.
5. For thou alone art worth them all,
 City of martyrs! thou alone
 Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
 The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.
6. All honor, power, and praise be given
 To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
 For endless, endless years in heaven,
 The only God in Trinity! Amen.

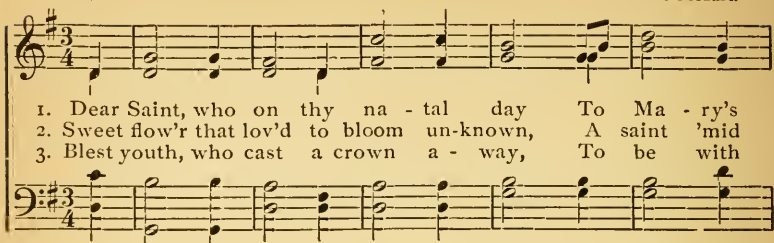
Breviary Hymn, "Decora lux aeternitatis auream."

ST. ALOYSIUS.

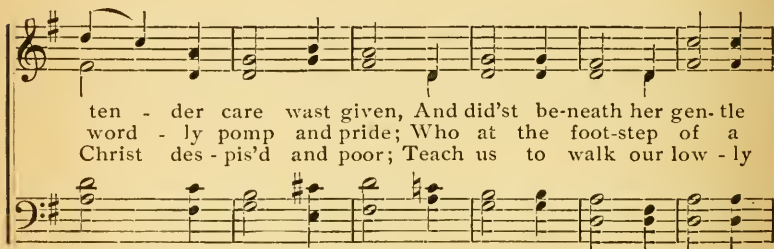
70. DEAR SAINT, WHO ON THY NATAL DAY.

L. M.

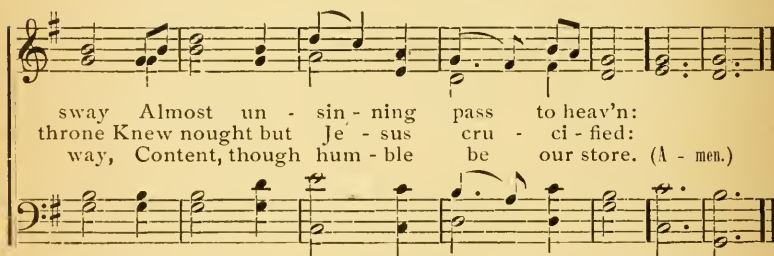
From Mozart.



1. Dear Saint, who on thy na - tal day To Ma - ry's
 2. Sweet flow'r that lov'd to bloom un-known, A saint 'mid
 3. Blest youth, who cast a crown a - way, To be with



ten - der care wast given, And did'st be-neath her gen-tle
 word - ly pomp and pride; Who at the foot-step of a
 Christ des - pis'd and poor; Teach us to walk our low - ly



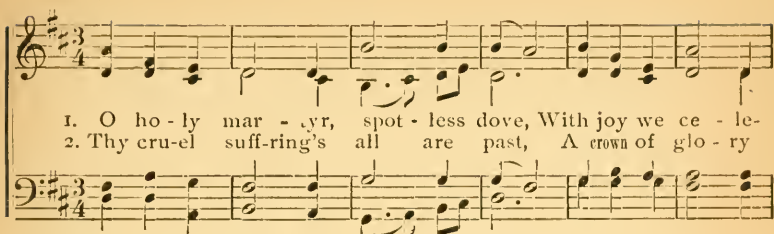
sway Almost un - sin - ning pass to heav'n:
 throne Knew nought but Je - sus cru - ci - fied:
 way, Content, though hum - ble be our store. (A - men.)

4. May no repining fill our breast
 Amid the ills of poverty;
 Oh, make us feel that we are blest,
 To be thus poor with Christ and thee!
5. Teach us like thee to shrink from sin,
 Like thee to love sweet purity;
 That we from Mary's heart may win
 The love she once bestowed on thee.
6. Thus safe beneath her gentle sway,
 Oh, may the grace to us be giv'n,
 To pass from earth some happy day,
 And join thee in the courts of heav'n. Amen.

71.

O HOLY MARTYR, SPOTLESS DOVE.

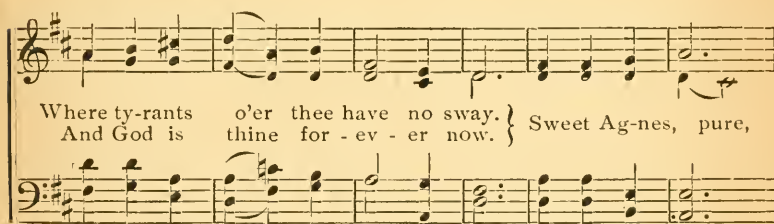
Ss. of.



1. O ho - ly mar - tyr, spot - less dove, With joy we ce - le -
2. Thy cru - el suff - ring's all are past, A crown of glo - ry



brate thy day; Thou dwellest now in bliss a - bove,
decks thy brow; Ce - les - tial light is round thee cast,



Where ty-rants o'er thee have no sway. } Sweet Ag-nes, pure,
And God is thine for - ev - er now. }



an - gel - ic child, Sweet Agnes, pray, oh, pray for us. (A - men.)

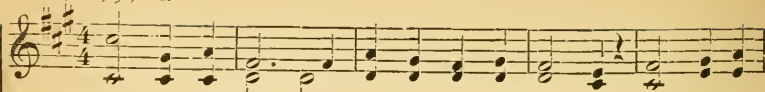
3. Oh, pray that we may ever seek
To be as free as thou, from stain;
As constant, fervent, pure and meek,
Regardless of earth's fleeting pain.
Sweet Agnes, etc
4. And, holy saint, be this our prayer,
That prizing not the world's renown,
Through trials it may be our care,
To strive but for a heavenly crown.
Sweet Agnes, etc. Amen.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

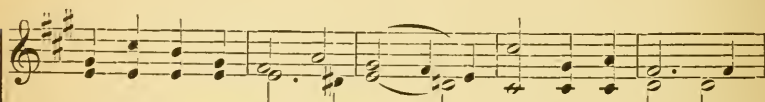
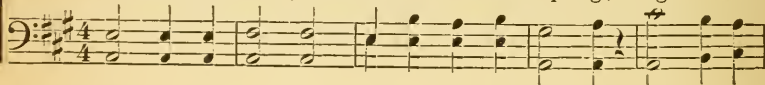
72.

HARK, HARK MY SOUL.

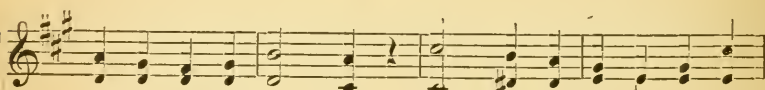
118, 108, 98, 118.



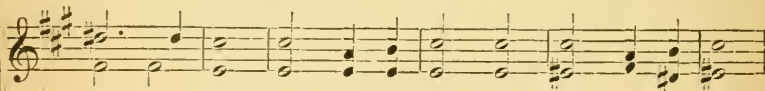
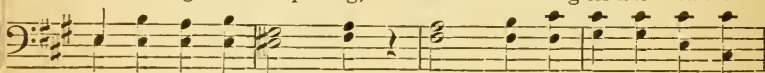
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and drea-ry; The day must
5. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet



fields and o-cean's wave-beat	shore:	How sweet the truth those
souls, for Je - sus bids you	come;"	And through the dark, its
Je - sus sounds o'er land and	sea,	And la - den souls by
dawn, and darksome night be	past;	All journeys end in
fragments of the songs a -	bove;	Till morn-ing's joy shall



bless-ed strains are tell - ing	Of that new life when sin shall
ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing,	The mus-ic of the gos-pel
thousands, meek-ly steal - ing,	Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
welcome to the wea - ry,	And heaven, the heart's true home, will
end the night of weep - ing,	And life's long sha-dows break in



be no more!	} An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,
leads us home.	
steps to thee.	
come at last.	
cloud - less love.	



THE HOLY ANGELS.

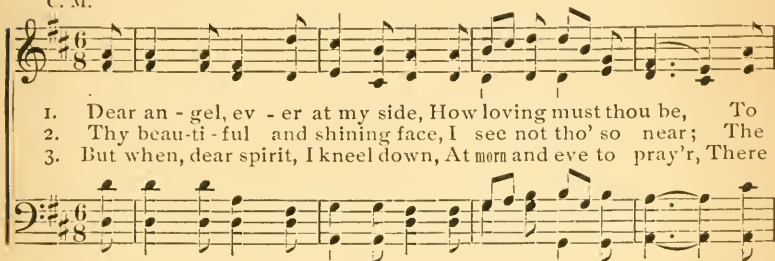


Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

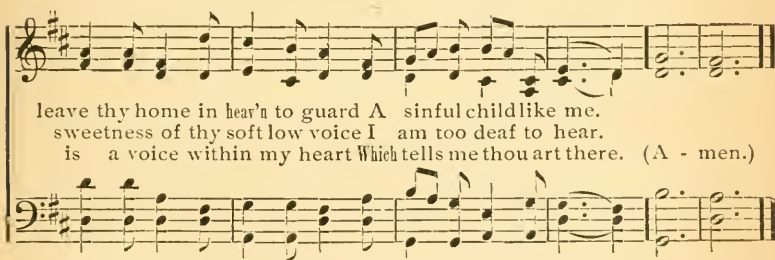
73.

DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

C. M.



1. Dear an - gel, ev - er at my side, How loving must thou be, To
 2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shining face, I see not tho' so near; The
 3. But when, dear spirit, I kneel down, At morn and eve to pray'r, There



leave thy home in heav'n to guard A sinful childlike me.
 sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 is a voice within my heart which tells me thou art there. (A - men.)

4. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too,
 Thy pray'r is all for me;
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

5. Then love me, love me, angel dear!
 And I will love thee more;
 And help me when my soul is cast
 Upon th'eternal shore. Amen.

HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

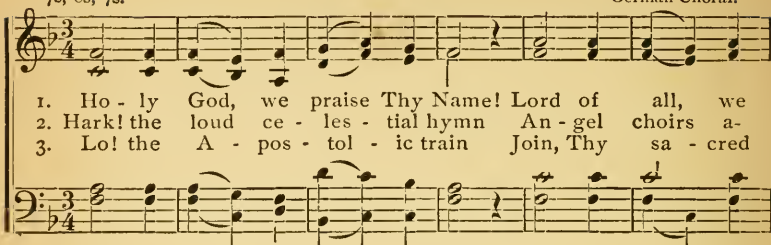
PRAISE.

74.

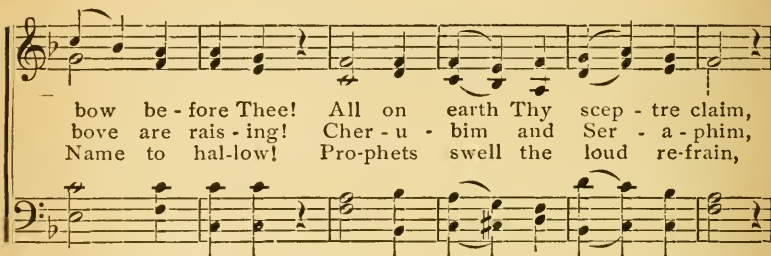
HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME.

7s, 8s, 7s.

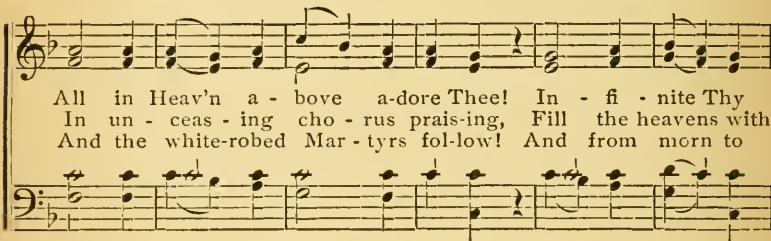
German Choral.



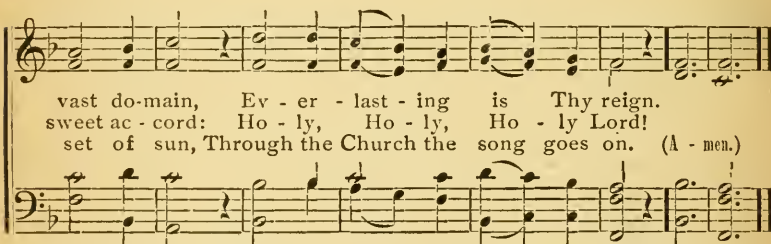
1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name! Lord of all, we
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a -
 3. Lo! the A - pos - tol - ic train Join, Thy sa - cred



bow be - fore Thee! All on earth Thy scep - tre claim,
 bove are rais - ing! Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
 Name to hal - low! Pro - phets swell the loud re - frain,



All in Heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee! In - fi - nite Thy
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heavens with
 And the white-robed Mar - tyrs fol - low! And from morn to



vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!
 set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on. (A - men.)

4. Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
 While in essence only One
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;
 And adoring bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.

5. Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
 Son of God, yet born of Mary;
 For us sinners sacrificed,
 And to death a tributary;
 First to break the bars of death,
 Thou hast opened Heaven to Faith.

PRAISE.

6. From Thy high celestial home, Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come, On the dreadful Doomsday morning,
When Thy voice shall shake the earth, And the startled dead come forth.
7. Spare Thy people, Lord! we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

Te Deum Laudamus.

75. PRAISE BE TO HIM WHO BUILT THE HILLS.

L. M.

Rev. Alfred Young.

1. Praise be to Him who built the hills; Praise be to Him the
2. Praise be to Him who makes the morn, And bids it glow with
3. Praise be to Him whose love has giv'n In Christ His Son, the

streams who fills; Praise be to Him who lights each star,
beams new-born: Who draws the sha-dows of the night,
Life of Heav'n: Who for our dark-ness gives us light,

That spar - kles in the blue a - far.
Like cur - tains, o'er our wea - ried sight.
And turns to day our deep - est night. (A - men.)

4. Praise be to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!
5. To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To God in Trinity we raise
With grateful hearts this song of Praise! Amen.

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PRAISE.

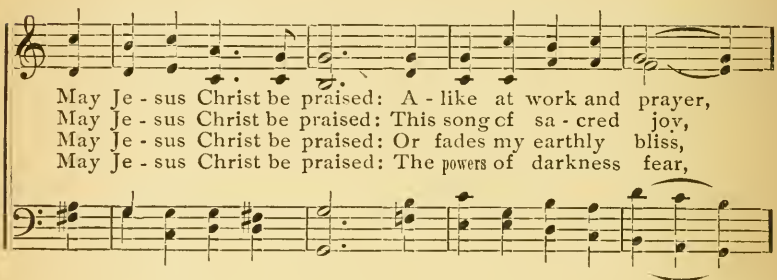
76.

WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

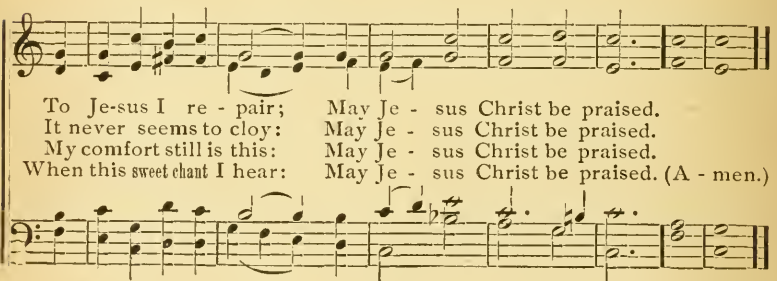
P. M.



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. To thee O God a - bove, I cry with glowing love,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find;
 4. When evil thoughts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast:



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earthly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: The powers of darkness fear,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 It never seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My comfort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant I hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised. (A - men.)

5. When sleep her balm denies,
 My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine
 My canticle divine:
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 Be this th' eternal song,
 Through all the ages long:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

77. O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US SING.

L. M. 6l.

From Haydn.

1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to
 2. In - to His pre - sence let us haste, To thank Him
 3. The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret
 4. O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with

our Al - might - y King: For we our voic - es high should raise,
 for His fa - vors past; To Him ad - dress, in joyful songs,
 wealth at His command; The strength of hills that reach the skies,
 ad - o - ra - tion there; Down on our knees, de - vout - ly all,

When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.
 The praise that to His name be - longs.
 Sub - ject - ed to His em - pire lies.
 Be - fore the Lord, our Mak - er, fall. } Great is the

Lord! what tongue can frame An e - qual hon - or to His name. Amen.

PRAISE.—EVENING HYMNS.

78.

SING ALLELUIA FORTH.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in duteous praise, O cit - i - zens of
 2. Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light, In hymn-ing choirs re-
 3. The Ho - ly Cit - y shall take up your strain, And with glad songs re-
 heav'n; and sweetly raise
 ech - o to the height } An end-less Al - le - lu - ia. Amen.
 sound-ing wake again }

4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice
 An endless Alleluia.
5. Ye who have gained at length
 your palms in bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still
 An endless Alleluia. [be this]
6. There, in one grand acclaim, for
 ever ring
 The strains which tell the honor of
 your King,
 An endless Alleluia.
7. This is the rest for weary ones
 brought back,
 This is the food and drink which none
 shall lack,
 An endless Alleluia.
8. While Thee, by whom were all
 things made, we praise
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Alleluia.
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our
 voices sing
 Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
 An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 8th Cent.

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79.

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST.

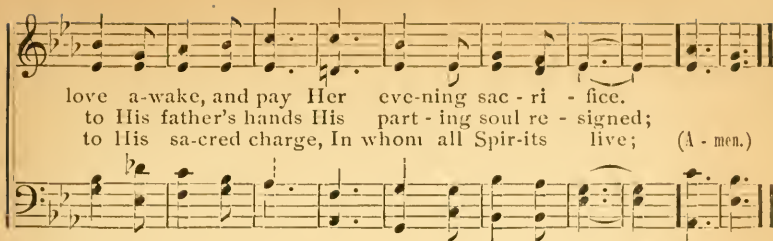
P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
 2. As Christ up - on the Cross His head in - clined, And
 3. So now her-self my soul Would whol - ly give In-

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin.

EVENING HYMNS.



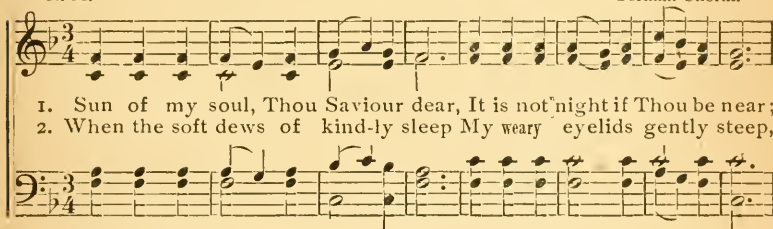
love a-wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice.
 to His father's hands His part - ing soul re - signed;
 to His sa-cred charge, In whom all Spir-its live; (A - men.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4. So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast. | 6. Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me. |
| 5. Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside. | 7. One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine.
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.
Latin Hymn, 7th Cent. |

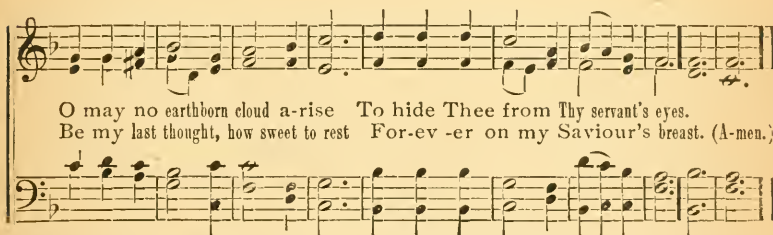
80. *SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.*

L. M.

German Choral.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eyelids gently steep,



O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast. (A-men.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. | 5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. |
| 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin. | 6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen, |

81. SWEET SAVIOUR BLESS US ERE WE GO.

8s, 6l.

English Melody.

1. Sweet Sa-vi-our, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our
 2. The day has gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast ta - ken
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion

minds in - still, And make our luke warm hearts to glow With
 count of all, The scan - ty triumphs grace hath won, The
 and re - lease; And bless us, more than in past days, With

low - ly love and fer - vent will. }
 bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall. } Thro' life's long day and
 pur - i - ty and in - ward peace. }

death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus be our light. A - men.

4. Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
 Ah! never let our works be soil'd
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's, etc.
5. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's, etc. Amen.

(Frederick W. Faber.)

EVENING HYMNS.

82.

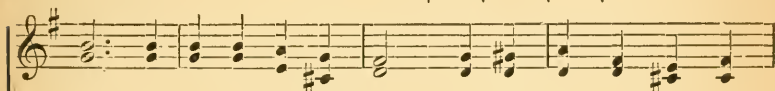
THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

P. M.

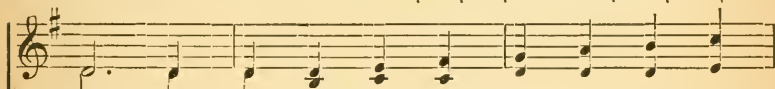
Samuel A. Baldwin.



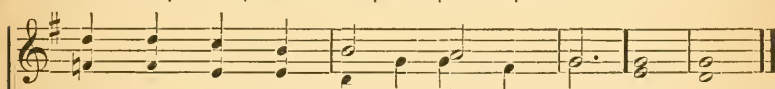
1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to
2. The joys of day are o - ver; I lift my heart to
3. The toils of day are o - ver; I raise the hymn to
4. Light-en mine eyes, O Sa-viour, Or sleep in death shall
5. Be Thou my soul's Pre - ser - ver, O God! for Thou dost



Thee! I pray Thee that offence - less The hours of dark may
 Thee; And call on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may
 Thee, And ask that free from per - il The hours of fear may
 I, And he, my wakeful temp - ter, Tri - um - phant - ly shall
 know, How many are the per - ils Through which I have to



be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And
 be. O Je - sus, make their dark - ness light, And
 be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And
 cry "A - gainst him I have now pre-vailed; Re-
 go. O lov - ing Je - sus, hear my call, And



save me through the com - ing 'night!
 save me through the com - ing night!
 guard me through the com - ing night!
 joyce! the child of God has failed."
 guard and save me from them all! A - men.

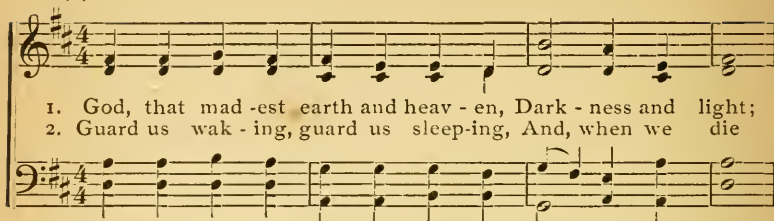
St. Anatolius, 450.



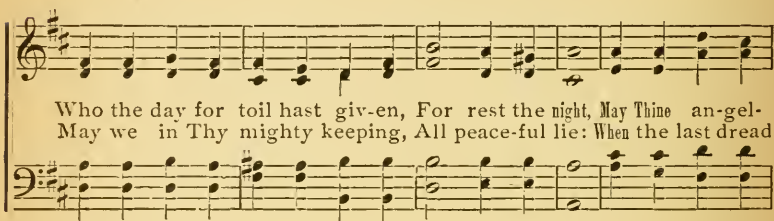
EVENING HYMNS.

83. GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

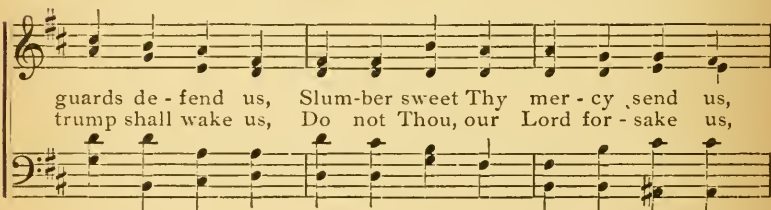
8s, 4s.



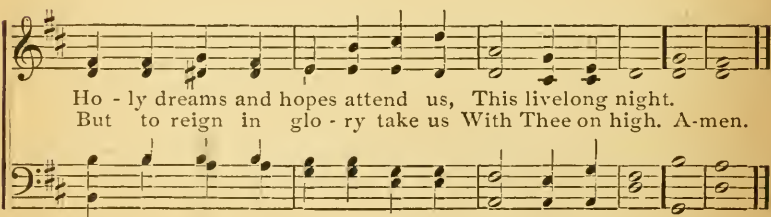
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel -
May we in Thy mighty keeping, All peace - ful lie: When the last dread



guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord for - sake us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night.
But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high. A - men.

84.

ABIDE WITH ME.

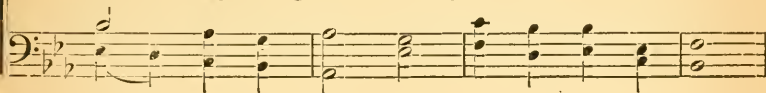
108.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide,
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pre - sence ev' - ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



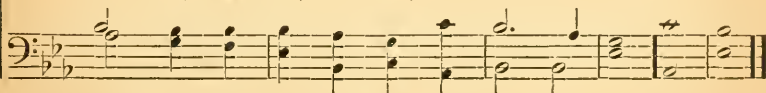
The dark-ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power!
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting! where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;



Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.



GOD THE FATHER.

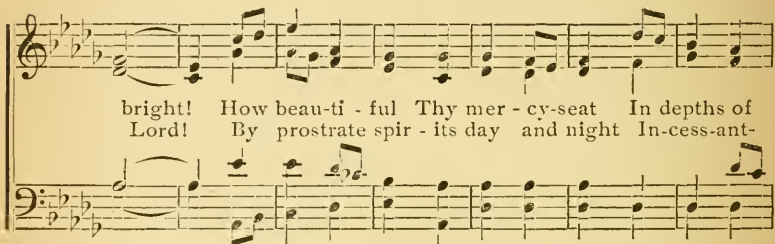
85. MY GOD HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART.

C. M.

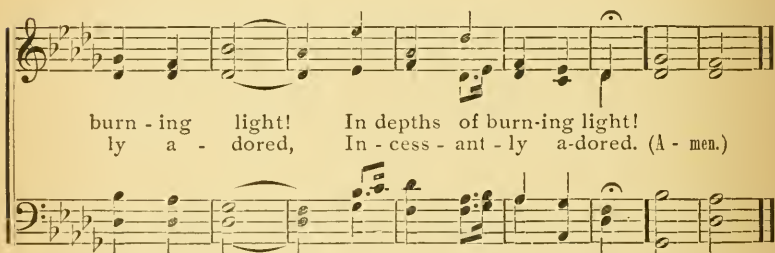
From Handel.



1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy Ma-jes - ty how
2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing



bright! How beau-ti - ful Thy mer - cy-seat In depths of
Lord! By prostrate spir - its day and night In-cess-ant-



burn - ing light! In depths of burn-ing light!
ly a - dored, In - cess - ant - ly a-dored. (A - men.)

3. How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4. O how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6. No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

7. Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the
Name,
Earth has no higher bliss.

8. Father of Jesus, Love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie.
And gaze and gaze on Thee! Amen.

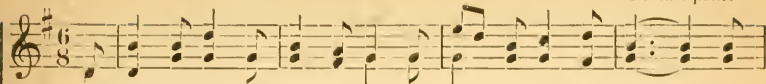
GOD THE FATHER.

86.

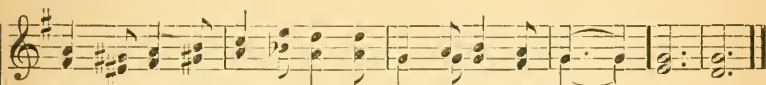
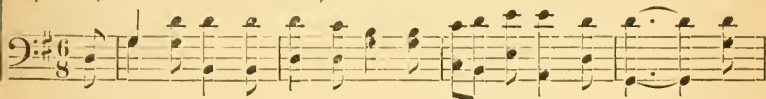
O GOD THY POWER IS WONDERFUL.

C. M.

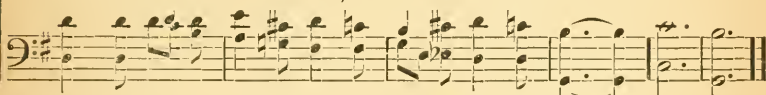
From Spohr.



1. O God Thy pow'r is wonderful, Thy glo-ry pass-ing bright; Thy
2. Thy jus-tice is the gladdest thing Crea-tion can be - hold; Thy
3. There's not a craving in the mind, Thou dost not meet and still; There's
4. O, lit-tle heart of mine, shall sin Or sorrow make thee moan? When



wisdom with its deep on deep A rapture to the sight.
 ten-der-ness so meek, it wins, The guilty to be bold.
 not a wish the heart can have, Which Thou dost not ful - fil.
 all this God is all for thee, A Fa-ther all thine own. A - men.



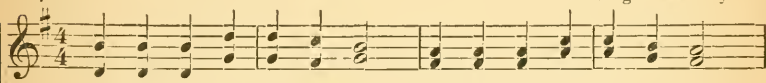
(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

87.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR.

7s.

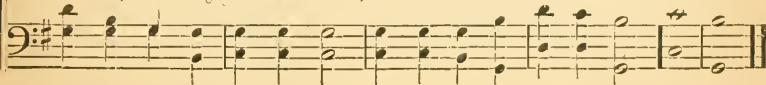
English Melody.



1. All things beauti-ful and fair, Earth and sky and balmy air;
2. Ev' - ry tree and flow'r we pass Ev'-ry tuft of wav-ing grass,
3. Lit-tle streams that glide along, Verdant, mossy banks a-mong,
4. He who dwelleth high in heaven, Un-to us hath all things given;



Sun-ny field and sha-dy grove, Gently whisper, "God is love,"
 Ev'-ry leaf and opening bud, Seem to tell us "God is good."
 Shadowing forth the clouds above, Softly murmur, "God is love."
 Let us, as through life we move, Ev-er feel that "God is love." Amen.



JESUS CHRIST.

88. JESUS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

C. M.

1. Je-sus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A
3. O Hope of ev'-ry contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek, To

sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
sweeter sound than Jesus' name The Sa-viour of mankind.
those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good, to those who seek! (A - men.)

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this, 5. Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
Nor tongue nor pen can show; As Thou our prize wilt be;
The love of Jesus, what it is, In Thee be all our glory now,
None but His loved ones know. And through eternity. Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Cent.

89. O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD!

C. M.

1. O Je - sus, Je-sus, dearest Lord! Forgive me, if I say, For
2. I love Thee so, I know not how My transports to con - trol; Thy
3. Burn, burn, O Love! Within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till

ver - y love, Thy Sacred Name A thousand times a day.
love is like a burn-ing fire Within my ver - y soul.
all the dross of earth-ly loves Is burned, and burned a - way. (A-men.)

JESUS CHRIST.

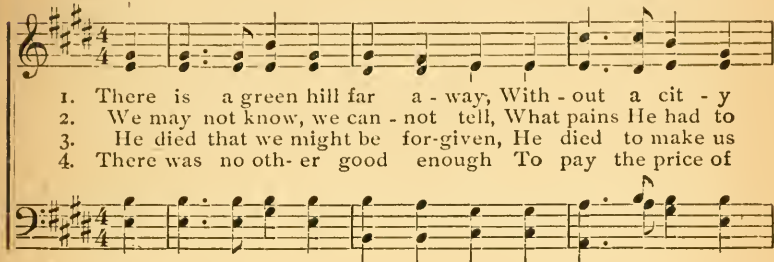
4. O Light in darkness! Joy in grief! 5. O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
 O Heaven begun on earth! What art Thou not to me?
 Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who Each hour brings joys before unknown,
 Can tell what Thou art worth? Each day new liberty. Amen.

90.

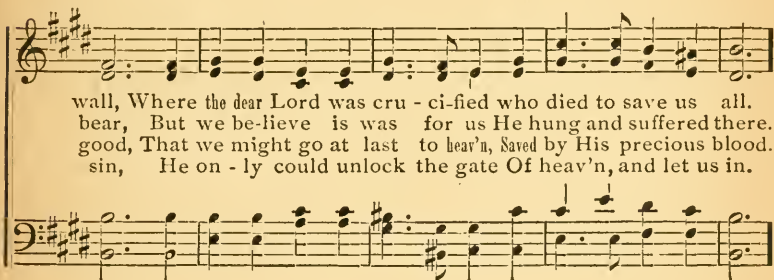
THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

C. M. D.

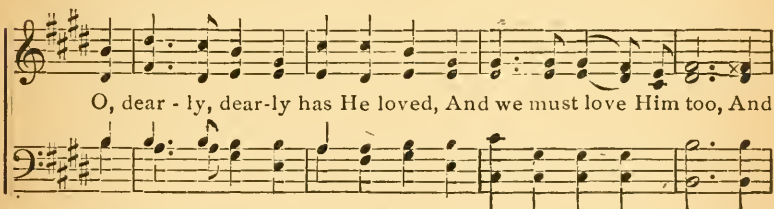
Samuel A. Baldwin.



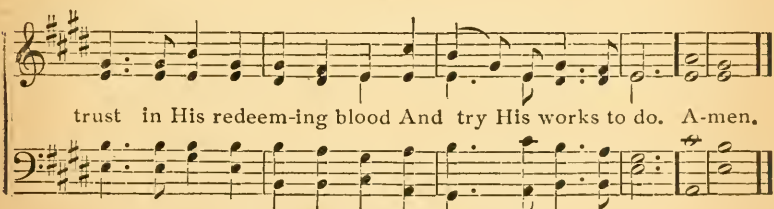
1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us
 4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of



wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied who died to save us all.
 bear, But we be-lieve is was for us He hung and suffered there.
 good, That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.
 sin, He on - ly could unlock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.



O, dear - ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And



trust in His redeem-ing blood And try His works to do. A-men.

JESUS CHRIST.

91.

I COME TO THEE, MY LOVE.

6s. 8l.

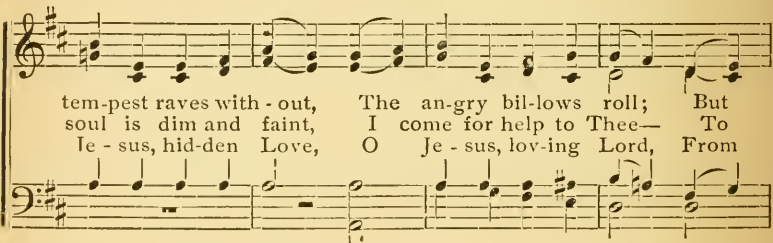
Rev. Alfred Young.



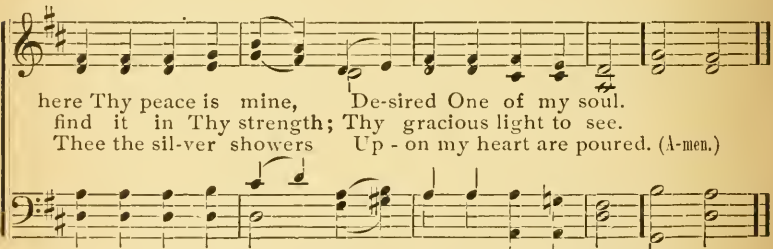
1. I come to Thee, my Love, From ways of grief and pain;
 2. Oh, touch me with Thy hand, As in the dust I lie;
 3. I long when far a - way To be with Thee a-gain,



I come to Thee, my Love, Who here in bliss dost reign: The
 Up - lift me to Thy Heart, Without Thee I must die: My
 Where treasures of Thy grace Fall like the fruitful rain: O



tem-pest raves with - out, The an-gry bil-lows roll; But
 soul is dim and faint, I come for help to Thee— To
 Je - sus, hid-den Love, O Je - sus, lov-ing Lord, From



here Thy peace is mine, De-sired One of my soul.
 find it in Thy strength; Thy gracious light to see.
 Thee the sil-ver showers Up - on my heart are poured. (A-men.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4. I come to to Thee, my Lord;
 Yet linger by the way:
 I come to Thee, my Lord;
 Before Thy Soul to pray:
 One glimmer of Thy light
 Brings peace from God to me,
 As in Thy "wealthy rest"
 My spirit leans on Thee.</p> | <p>5. A storm of pain and grief
 Oft bends me with its power;
 My comforter art Thou
 In sorrow's bitterest hour:
 Be with me then, my God,
 Nor leave me poor and lone;
 For light and joy are Thine
 Upon this Altar-throne. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

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JESUS CHRIST.

92.

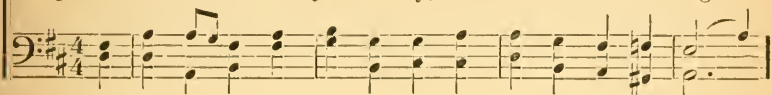
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

C. M. D.

Adapted from Spohr.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:



Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast:"
The liv - ing wa - ter! thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream:
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a restingplace, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. Amen.



JESUS CHRIST.

93. *ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID.*

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there Di - a-dem as Monarch That His Brow a-dorns?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."

"In His feet and Hands are Wound-prints, And His Side."

"Yea, a Crown, in ver - y sure-ty, But of Thorns." (A - men.)

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor.
Many a tear."

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past,"

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes." Amen.
St. Stephen the Sabaite.

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin.

94. *JESUS SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.*

7s. D.

Fine.

1. { Je-sus Sa-viour of my soul, Let me to Thy re-fuge fly, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. }
 D C. Safe in-to Thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

THE ATONEMENT.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past. (A - men.)

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

95.

SING MY SOUL HIS WONDROUS LOVE

7s.

Old French Melody.

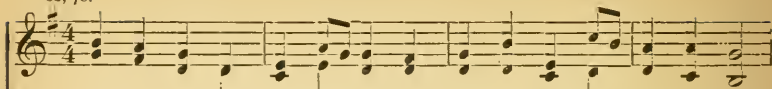
1. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne above,
2. Heaven and earth by Him were made, All is by His sceptre sway'd;
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
4. Sing, my soul, a-dore His name, Let His glo - ry be thy theme;

Ev-er watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends His grace.
What are we that He should show So much love to us be-low?
And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by His Spirit pure.
Praise Him till He calls thee home, Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

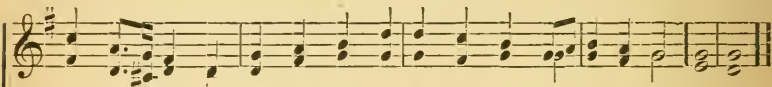
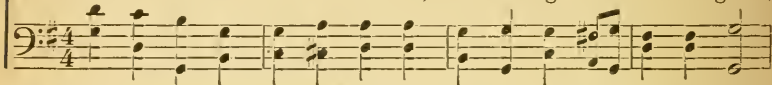
96.

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

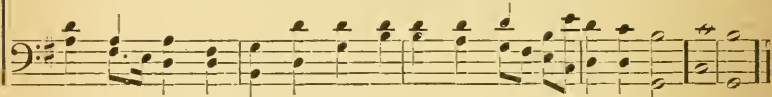
8s, 7s.



1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good;



There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than liber-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Savi-our; There is healing in His Blood. (Amen.)



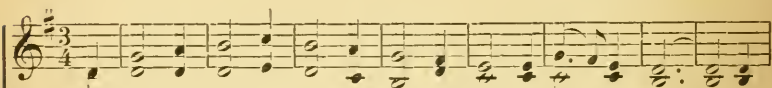
3. For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
4. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

97.

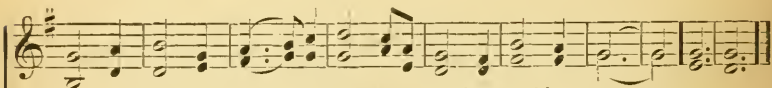
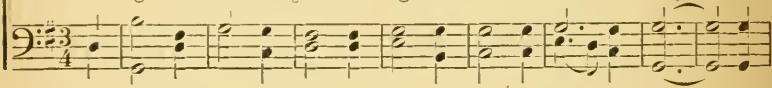
THE BIRD LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

C. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.



1. The bird let loose in east-ern skies, When hastening fondly home, Ne'er
2. But high she shoots through air and light, Above all low de - lay, Where



stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i-dle warblers roam;
noth-ing earth-ly bounds her flight, Nor shadows dim her way. (A-men.)



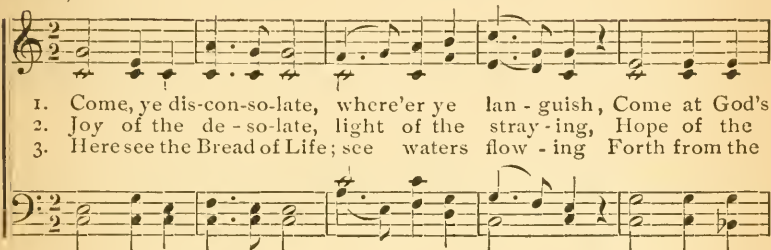
DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

3. So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
4. No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;--
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings! Amen.

98.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

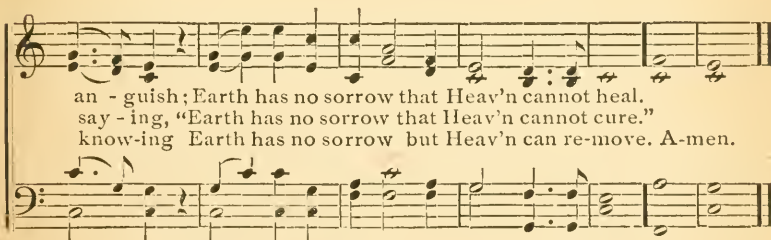
11S, 10S.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Come at God's
2. Joy of the de-so-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flow-ing Forth from the



al-tar kneel, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pe-ni-tent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
Throne of God, pure from above; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er



an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."
know-ing Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can re-move. A-men.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

99.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

108, 48.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. (A-men.)

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! Amen.

Cardinal Newman.

99.

Second Tune. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

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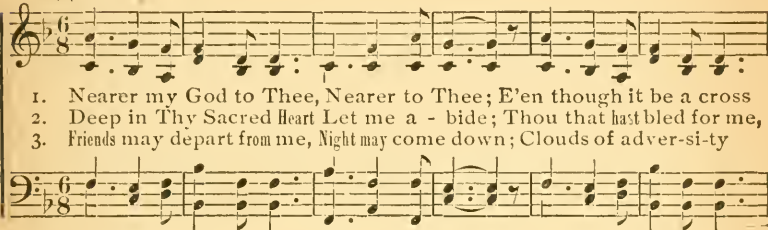
CHRISTIAN FAITH.



100.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

6s, 4s.



1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Deep in Thy Sacred Heart Let me a - bide; Thou that hast bled for me,
3. Friends may depart from me, Night may come down; Clouds of adver-si-ty



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my
Sorrowed and died; Sweet shall my weeping be, Grief sure-ly
Dark - en and frown; Still through my tears I see Hope gently



God to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
leading me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
leading me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

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CHRISTIAN FAITH.

101.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

8s, 6l.

1. Faith of our Fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
2. Our Fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and

fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy When-
conscience free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If

e'er we hear that glo - rious word! } Faith of our Fa - thers!
they, like them, could die for thee!

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A-men!

3. Faith of our Fathers! Mary's pray'rs
Shall win our country unto thee,
And through the truth that comes from God,
O, then indeed shall we be free!
Faith of our Fathers! etc.
4. Faith of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our Fathers! etc. Amen.

102.

FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW.

P. M.

German Choral.

1. Fierce was the wild bil low, Dark was the night, Oars labored

heav - i - ly, Foam glittered white, Trembled the mar - i - ners,

Per-il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." (A - men.)

2. Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest!
 Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 "Peace! It is I!"

3. Jesus, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me:
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea:
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, 'Thou Truth of Truth,—
 "Peace! It is I!" Amen.

St. Anatolius, 450.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

103.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

6s, 5s, D.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

Go-ing on be-fore, Christ the roy-al Master, Leads against the foe;

Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! Onward Christian soldiers!

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on before. A-men.

2. At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3. Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. —
Onward, etc.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish.
Kingdoms rise and wane
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5. Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

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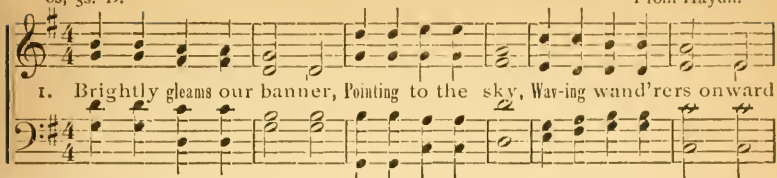
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

104.

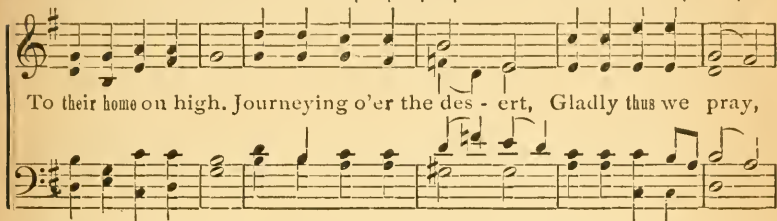
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

6s, 5s. D.

From Haydn.



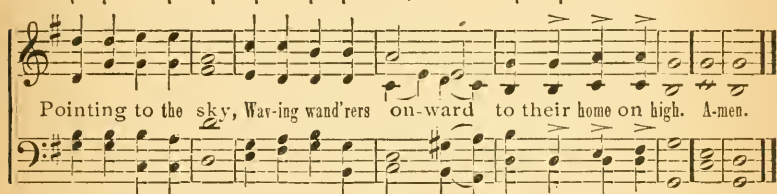
1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers onward



To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Gladly thus we pray,



And with hearts u - ni-ted Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our banner,



Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward to their home on high. A-men.

2. Hail, sweet Jesus! Master!
Round Thy sacred feet,
Now with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas, we've left Thee,
Straying far away;
But once more we enter
On the "narrow way."
Brightly, etc.

3. Mary! Mother! Ave!
Israel's Lily, hail!
Comfort of thy children
In this sinful vale.
'Mid life's surging ocean,
Whither shall we flee,
Save, O stainless Virgin
Mother, unto thee?
Brightly, etc.

4. Ave! Joseph! Ave!
Chaste and spotless flower;
Cast thy mantle o'er us
At death's solemn hour.
Be our father ever,
Joseph, meek and mild,
Chaste spouse of our Mother,
Keeper of her Child.
Brightly, etc.

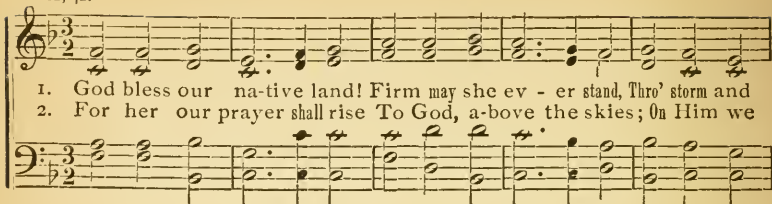
5. Jesus! Mary! Joseph!
Sweet and holy Three,
List the praise we pay you
On our bended knee.
May we sing your glory
In glad realms above,
Bound for ever to you
By the bonds of love.
Brightly, etc. Amen.

NATIONAL.—TEMPERANCE.

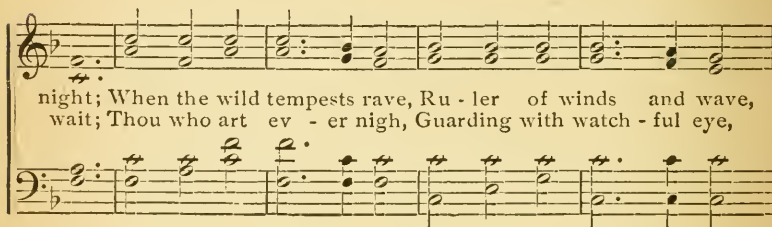
105.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

68, 48.



1. God bless our na-tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God, a-bove the skies; On Him we



night; When the wild tempests rave, Ru - ler of winds and wave,
wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with watch - ful eye,



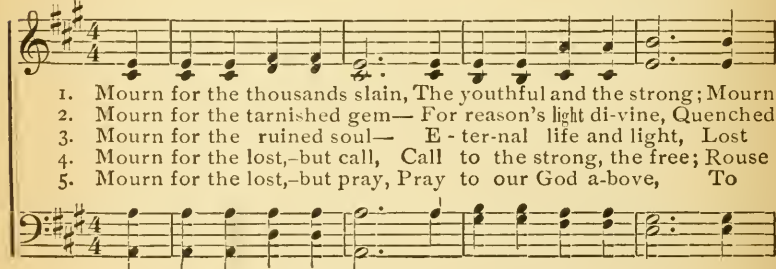
Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might.
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State. A-men.

106.

MOURN FOR THE THOUSANDS SLAIN.

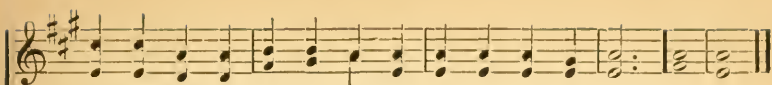
S. M.

From Beethoven.



1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem— For reason's light di-vine, Quenched
3. Mourn for the ruined soul— E - ter-nal life and light, Lost
4. Mourn for the lost,—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse
5. Mourn for the lost,—but pray, Pray to our God a-bove, To

THE JUDGMENT.



for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lu - ded throng.
 from the soul's bright di - a-dem, Where God had bid it shine.
 by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.
 them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the re - fuge flee.
 break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his sav - ing love. A-men.



107. *THAT DAY OF WRATH, THAT DREADFUL DAY.*

L. M.

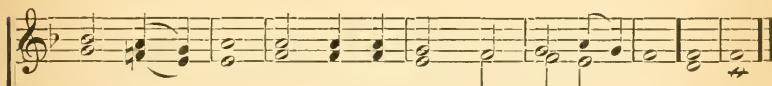
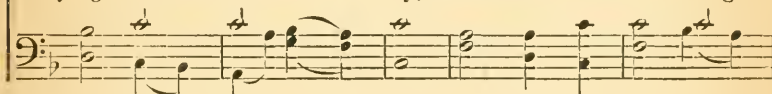
Arr. from Gregorian Chant.



1. That day of wrath, that dread - ful day! When heaven and
2. When shrivelling like a parch - ed scroll The flam - ing
3. Oh! on that day, that wrath - ful day When man to

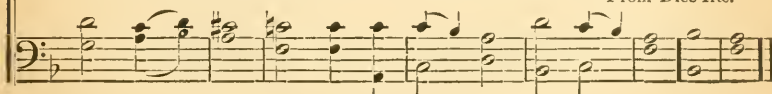


earth shall pass a - way, What power shall be the
 heavens to - geth - er roll; When loud - er yet, and
 judg - ment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trem - bling



sin - ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread - ful day?
 yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
 sin - ner's stay, Though heav'n and earth shall pass a - way. Amen.

From Dies Iræ.

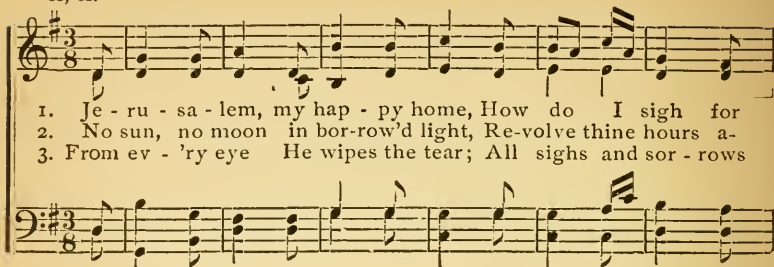


HEAVEN.

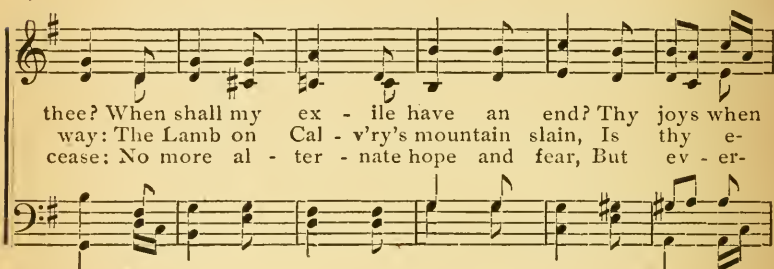
108.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

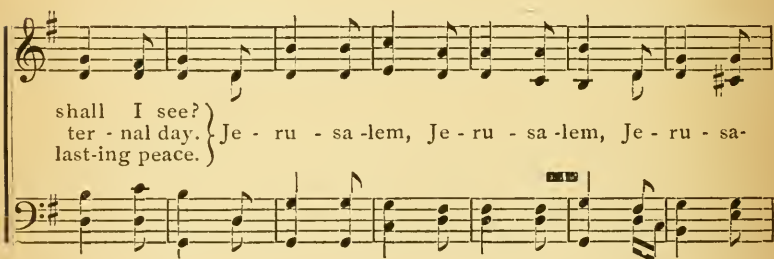
8s, 6s.



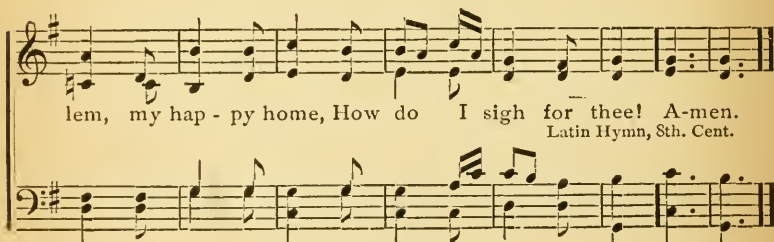
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for
 2. No sun, no moon in bor-row'd light, Re-volve thine hours a-
 3. From ev - 'ry eye He wipes the tear; All sighs and sor - rows



thee? When shall my ex - ile have an end? Thy joys when
 way: The Lamb on Cal - v'ry's mountain slain, Is thy e-
 cease: No more al - ter - nate hope and fear, But ev - er-



shall I see? } Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa -
 ter - nal day. }
 last-ing peace. }



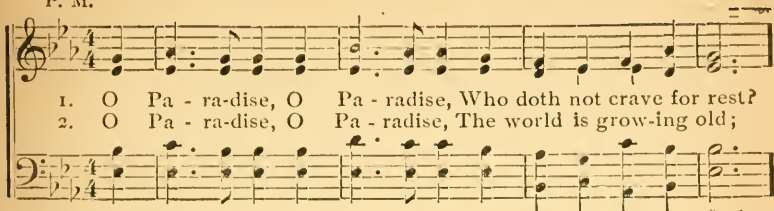
lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee! A-men.
 Latin Hymn, 8th. Cent.

HEAVEN.

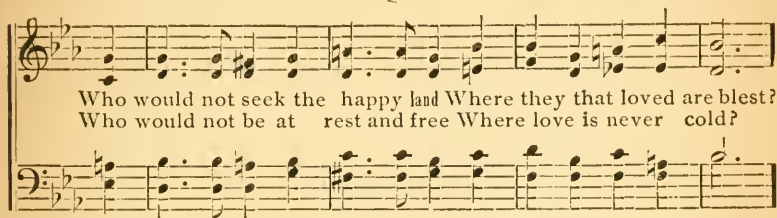
109.

O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

P. M.

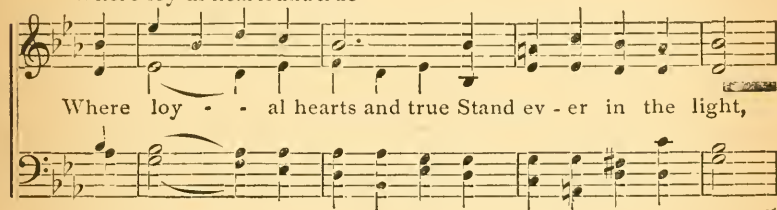


1. O Pa - ra-dise, O Pa - radise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Pa - ra-dise, O Pa - radise, The world is grow-ing old;

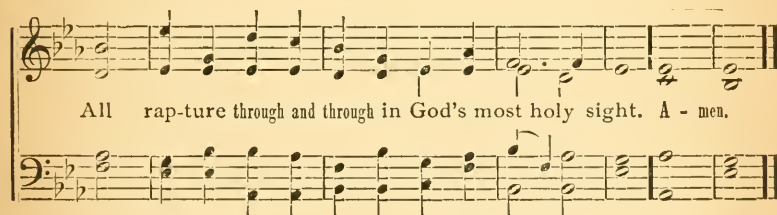


Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is never cold?

Where loy-al hearts and true



Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap-ture through and through in God's most holy sight. A - men.

3. O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4. O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5. O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

HEAVEN.

110.

THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL.

7s, 6s. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. { The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are waxing late; }
 { Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate - }

The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes with might, Who

comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right. (A - men.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead—
 To light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.</p> | <p>3. O Home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn;
 'Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the saints around.</p> |
|--|---|
4. O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distrest!
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.

HEAVEN.

III.

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.

7s, 6s. D.

J. P. Holbrook.



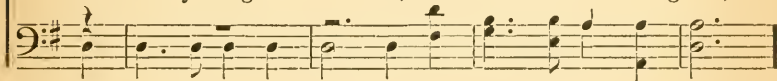
1. Brief life is here our portion; Brief sor-row, short-lived care;
2. And there is David's fountain, And life in full-est glow;
3. There Je - sus shall embrace us, There Je - sus be embraced,—



The life, that knows no end - ing, The tear-less life, is there:
And there the light is gold - en, And milk and honey flow;
That spir - it's food and sunshine Whence earthly love is chased:



Oh, hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;
The light, that hath no eve - ning, The health that hath no sore,
Yes! God my King and Por - tion, In full - ness of His grace,



For mor - tals, and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest!
The life, that hath no end - ing, But last - eth ev - er - more.
We then shall see for ev - er, And wor - ship face to face. A - men.

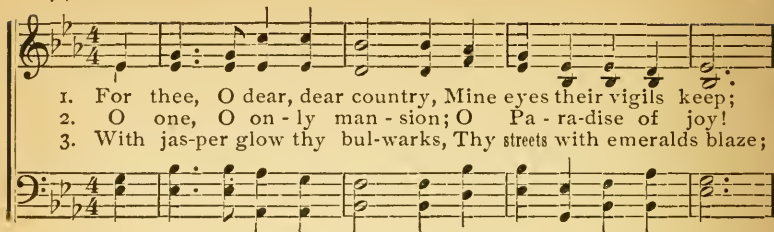


Bernard of Cluny 1145.

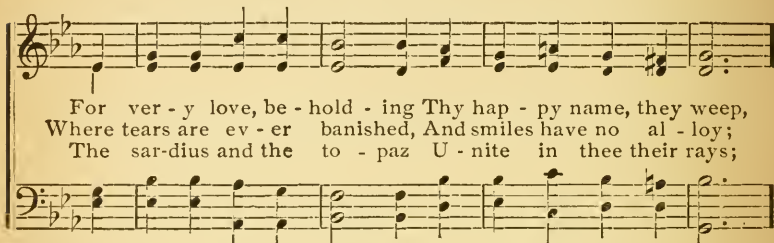
HEAVEN.

112. FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

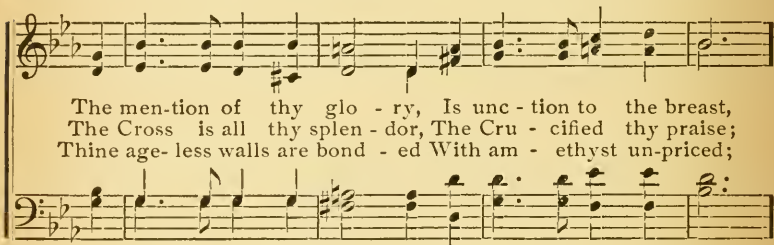
7s, 6s. D.



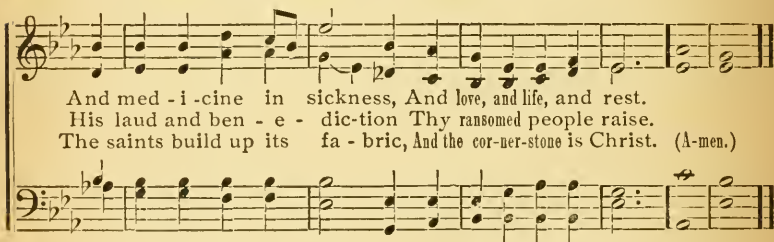
1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 2. O one, O on - ly man - sion; O Pa - ra - dise of joy!
 3. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;



For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep,
 Where tears are ev - er banished, And smiles have no al - loy;
 The sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;



The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,
 The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - cified thy praise;
 Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - ethyst un - priced;



And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.
 His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ransomed people raise.
 The saints build up its fa - bric, And the cor - ner - stone is Christ. (A-men.)

4. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

5. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.

HEAVEN.

113

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

7s, 6s. D.

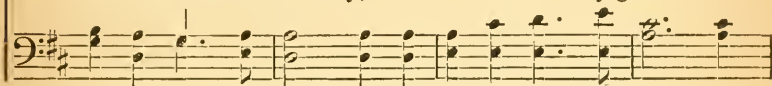
Samuel A. Baldwin.



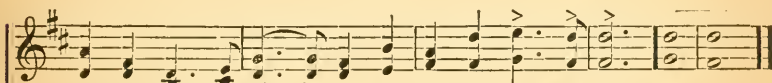
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be -
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
3. There is the Throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The
4. O sweet and bless - ed Country, Shall I e'er see thy face? O



neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed I
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The
song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And
sweet and bless - ed Country, Shall I e'er win thy grace? I



know not, O, I know not, What so - cial joys are there; What
Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is serene; The
they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, For
have the hope with - in me To com - fort and to bless, Shall



ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.
past - ures of the Bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
I e'er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me, Yes! A - men.



Bernard of Cluny, 1145.

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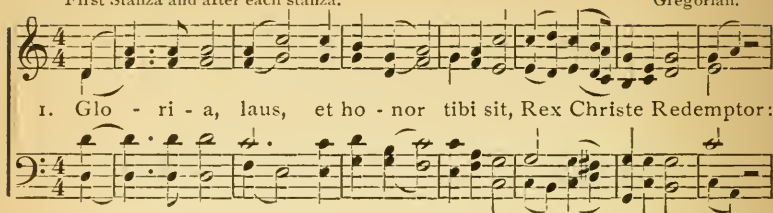
HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

114.

GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR.

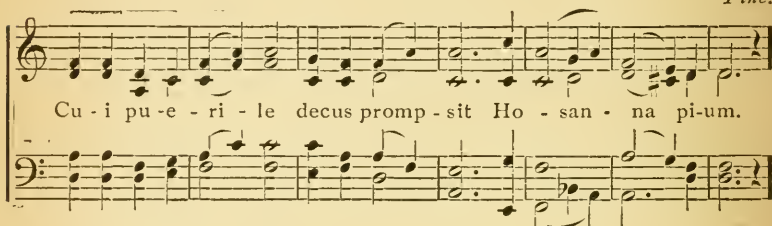
First Stanza and after each stanza.

Gregorian.



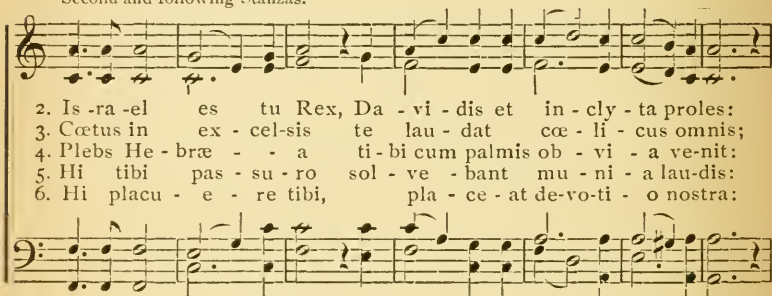
1. Glo - ri - a, laus, et ho - nor tibi sit, Rex Christe Redemptor:

Fine.



Cu - i pu - e - ri - le decus promp - sit Ho - san - na pi - um.

Second and following Stanzas.



2. Is - ra - el es tu Rex, Da - vi - dis et in - cly - ta proles:
 3. Cœtus in ex - cel - sis te lau - dat cœ - li - cus omnis;
 4. Plebs He - bræ - a ti - bi cum palmis ob - vi - a ve - nit:
 5. Hi tibi pas - su - ro sol - ve - bant mu - ni - a lau - dis:
 6. Hi placu - e - re tibi, pla - ce - at de - vo - ti - o nostra:

D. C.



No - mi - ne qui in Do - mi - ni, Rex be - ne - dic - te, venis.
 Et mort - lis ho - - mo, et cuncta cre - a - ta simul.
 Cum prece, voto, hym - nis ad su - mus ec - ce ti - bi.
 Nos ti - bi reg - nan - ti pan - gi - mus ec - ce melos.
 Rex bone, Rex cle - - mens, cui bo - na cunc - ta pla - cent.

(English words, no. 16.)

HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

115.

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.

Ss, 7s. 6l.

Gregorian.

1. Pan - ge, lin - gua, glo - ri - o - si Cor - po -
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex - in -

ris mys - te - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si,
tac - ta Vir - gi - ne. Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus,

Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fructus ven - tris ge - ne -
Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne, Su - i mo - ras in - co -

ro - si, Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um.
la - tus Mi - ro clau - sit or - di - ne. A - men.

3. In supremæ nocte cænæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene,
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Sedat suis manibus.
4. Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola findes sufficit.

5. Tantum ergo, Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui,
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.
6. Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti abutroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

(English words no. 33.)

HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

116.

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT.

L. M.

Gregorian.

1. Ve - xil - la Re - gis pro - - de - unt, Fulget Cru-

cis mys - te - - ri - um, Quo car - ne car - nis con - di-

tor, Sus - pen - sus est pa - ti - - - bu - lo.

2. Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

3. Impleta sunt, quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4. Arbo decora, et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite,
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5. Beata, cujus brachiis
Pretium pendit sæculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Tulitque prædam tartari.

6. O Crux, ave, spes unica,
Hoc Passionis tempore
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimine.

7. Te fons salutis, Trinitas,
Collandet omnis spiritus;
Quibus Crucis victoriam
Largiris, adde præmium.

V. Eripe me, Domine, ab homine malo.

R. A viro iniquo, eripe me.

(English words, no. 17.)

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

117.

Old French Melody.



Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son,
Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son,
Pater de coe - lis De - us, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.
Spi - ritus Sancte De - us, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

Sanc - ta	Ma - ri - a,	Sanc - ta	De - i Gen - i	trix,
Ma - ter	Chri - sti,	Mater di -	vi - nae gra - ti -	ae,
Ma - ter	cas - tis - si -	Ma - ter	in - vio - la -	ta,
Ma - ter	a - ma - bi -	Ma - ter	ad - mi - ra - bi -	lis,
Ma - ter	Sal - va - to -	Vir - go	pruden - tis - si -	ma,
Vir - go	pre - di - can -	Vir -	go po -	tens.
Vir -	go fi - de -	Spec - u -	lum jus - ti - ti -	ae,
Cau - sa	nos - trae la - ti - ti -	Vas spi -	ri - tu - a -	le,
Vas in -	sig - ne de - vo - tio -	Ro -	so Mys - ti -	ca,
Tur - ris	e - bur - ne -	Do -	mus au - re -	a,
Ja - nu -	a Cae -	Stel - la	ma - tu - ti -	na,
Re - fu -	gi - um pec - ca -	torum,	Con - so -	la - trix af - flic -
Re -	gi - na An - ge -	lorum,	Re -	gi - na Pa - triarch - a -
Re -	gi - na A - pos - to -	lorum,	Re -	gi - na Mar - ty -
Re -	gi - na Vir - gi -	num,	O -	ra pro no -
Regina sine labe origi -	na - li con - cep -	ta,	O -	ra pro no -
A -	gnus De -	i,	A -	gnus De -
A -	gnus De -	i,	A -	gnus De -
A -	gnus De -	i,	A -	gnus De -
Chri -	ste Au - di	nos,	Chri -	ste ex - au - di
				nos,



Chris - ste e - le - i - son, Chri - ste e - le - i - son.
Chris - ste au - di nos, Chri - ste ex - au - di nos.
Fili Re - demp - tor mun - di Deus, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.
Sanc - ta Trin - i - tas unus Deus, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

Sanc - ta	Vir - go	Vir - gi -	num,	
Ma -	ter pu -	ris - si -	ma,	
Mater in -	tem - e -	ra -	ta,	
Ma - ter	Cre - a -	to -	ris,	
Vir - go	ven - e -	ran -	da,	
Vir -	go cle -		mens,	
Se - des	sa - pi -	en - ti -	ae,	
Vas	ho - no -	ra - bi -	le,	
Tur - ris	Da - vi -	di -	ca,	
Fae - de -	ris ar -		ca,	
Sa - lus	in - fir -	mo -	rum,	
Aux -	i - lium	Chris - tian -	o - rum,	
Re -	gi - na	Pro - phe -	ta - rum,	
Re -	gi - na	Con - fes -	sorum,	
Re -	gi - na	Sanc - torum	omnium	
Regina Sacratissi -	mi Ro -	sa - ri -	i,	
Qui tol -	lis pec -	ca - ta	mundi,	Parce no - bis Do - mi -
Qui tol -	lis pec -	ca - ta	mundi,	Exau - di nos Do - mi -
Qui tol -	lis pec -	ca - ta	mundi,	Mi - se - re - re no - bis.
Chri -	ste au - di	nos,	Chri -	ste ex - au - di nos.

O - ra pro no - bis.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS.

118.

P.—Deus in adiutorium meum intende.

Domine, ad adjuvandum..... me fes- ti - na.
 Gloria Patri et Filio.... et Spiritu-i Sanc-to:
 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum A-men.

During Lent instead of Alleluia, sing—

Al - le - lu - ia. Laus ti - bi Dom-i- ne, Rex æternæ gloriæ.

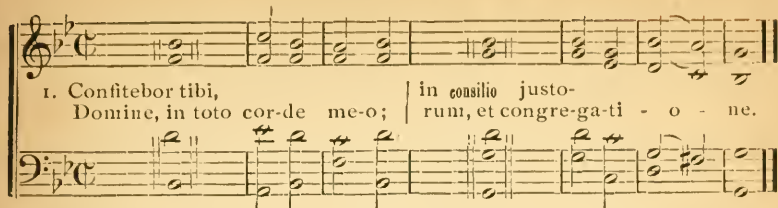
DIXIT DOMINUS. Psalm CIX.

1. Dixit Dominus Domino me - o: Sede a dex-tris me - is.

- | | | |
|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| 2. Donec ponam ini-mi-cos tu-os* 6. Dominus a dex-tris tu-is,* confre- | scabellum pe-dum tu-o-rum. | git in die i-ræ su-æ re-ges. |
| 3. Virgam virtutis tuæ ¶ emittet 7. Judicabit in nationibus, ¶ im-ple- | Dominus ex Si-on:* dominare | bit ru-i-nas;* conquassabit capi- |
| in medio inimi-co-rum tu-o-rum. | | ta in ter-ramul-to-rum. |
| 4. Tecum principium in die virtutis 8. De torrente in vi-a bi-bet,* prop- | tuæ ¶ in splendori-bus sanc-to- | terea ex-al-ta-bit ca-put. |
| rum.* ex utero ante lu-ci-ferum | | |
| ge-nui te. | 9. Gloria - Pa-tri et Fi-li-o* et Spi-ri- | tui Sanc-to. |
| 5. Juravit Dominus, et non pœni-te- | | |
| bit e-um:* Tu es Sacerdos in | 10 Sicut erat in principio ¶ et nunc | |
| æternum ¶ secundum or-di-nem- | et sem-per* et in sæ-cula sæ-cu- | |
| Mel-chi-sede-ch. | lo-rum. A-men. | |

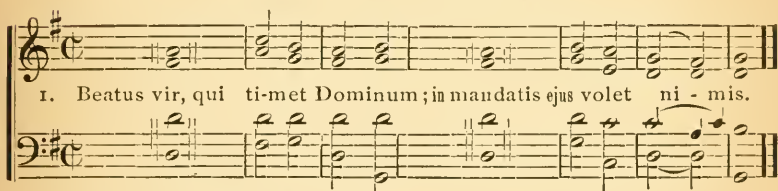
VESPERS.

CONFITEBOR. Psalm CX.



1. Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo; in consilio justorum, et congregati-o-ne.
2. Magna o-pera Do-mi-ni,* exquisita in omnes vo-lun-ta-tes e-jus.
3. Confessio et magnificentia opus e-jus,* et justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
4. Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum V misericors et mise-ra-tor Do-mi-nus:* escam de-dit ti-men-ti-bus se.
5. Memor erit in sæ-culum testa-men-ti-su-i,* virtutem operum suorum V annuntia-bit po-pu-lo su-o:
6. Ut det illis hæredi-ta-tem gen-tium:* opera manuum ejus veri-tas et ju-di-cium.
7. Fidelia omnia mandata ejus V confirmata in sæ-culum sæ-culi,* facta in veritate et æ-qui-tate.
8. Redemptionem misit po-pu-lo suo,* mandavit in æterum V tes-ta-men-tum su-um.
9. Sanctum et terribile no-men e-jus:* initium sapienti-æ ti-mor Do-mi-ni.
10. Intellectus bonus omnibus facien-tibus e-un.* laudatio ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
11. Gloria Patri et Filio* et Spiritu-i Sancto.
12. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper* et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.

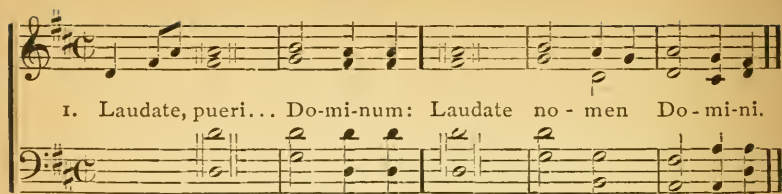
BEATUS VIR. Psalm CXI.



1. Beatus vir, qui ti-met Dominum; in mandatis ejus volet ni-mis.
2. Potens in terra erit se-men e-jus,* generatio rectorum be-ue-di-cc-tur.
3. Gloria et divitiæ in do-mo e-jus,* et justitia ejus manet in sæ-cu-lum sæ-culi.
4. Exortum est in tenebris lu-men rec-tis:* misericors, et mise-ra-tor, et jus-tus.
5. Jucundus homo, qui miseretur et commodat; V disponet sermones suos in ju-di-cio,* quia in æternum non con-mo-ve-bitur.
6. In memoria æterna e-rit jus-tus,* ab auditione ma-la non ti-me-bit.
7. Paratum cor ejus sperare in Do-mi-no; V confirmatum est cor e-jus,* non commovebitur, V donec despiciat i-ni-mi-cos su-os.
8. Dispersit, dedit pauperibus; V justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi,* cornu ejus exal-ta-bitur in gloria.
6. Peccator videbit, et irasce-tua, V dentibus suis fremet, et ta-bes-cet,* desiderium pecca-to-rum pæ-ri-bit.
10. Gloria Patri et Filio* et Spiritu-i Sancto.
11. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper V et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.

VESPER.

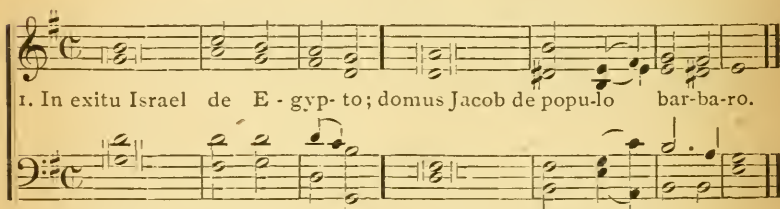
LAUDATE PUERI. CXII.



1. Laudate, pueri... Do-mi-num: Laudate no-men Do-mi-ni.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. Sit nomen Domini be-ne-dic-tum,*
ex hoc nunc, et us-que in sæ-culum. | 7. Ut collocet eum cum prin-ci-pibus,*
cum principi-bus po-puli su-i. |
| 3. A solis ortu usque ad oc-ca-sum,*
laudabile no-men Do-mi-ni. | 8. Qui habitare facit steri-lem in domo;
* matrem fili-o-rum læ-tan-tem. |
| 4. Excelsus super omnes gen-tes Do-minus,*et super cœ-lo-s glo-ri-a-cjus. | 9. Gloria Patri, et Fi-li-o,*et Spi-ri-tui Sancto. |
| 5. Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, ¶
qui in al-tis ha-bitat,*et humilia respicit in cœ-lo et in terra? | 10. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et
sem-per,*et in sæ-cula sæ-cu-lorum.
Amen. |
| 6. Suscitans a ter-ra i-no-pem,*et de- | |

IN EXITU ISRAEL. Psalm CXIII.



1. In exitu Israel de E-gyp-to; domus Jacob de popu-lo bar-ba-ro.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. Facta est Judæa sanctifi-ca-tio e-jus,*
Israel po-tes-tas e-jus. | quæcumque volu-it, fecit. |
| 3. Mare vi-dit, et fu-git.*Jordanis con-versus est re-tror-sum. | 12. Simulacra gentium argen-tum et aurum,*opera ma-nu-um ho-minum. |
| 4. Montes exultaverunt ut a-ri-etes,*et colles si-cut a-gni o-vium. | 13. Os habent, et non lo-quen-tur.* oculos habent, et non vi-de-bunt. |
| 5. Quid est tibi, mare, quod fu-gis-ti? et tu, Jordanis, quia con-ver-sus es re-tror-sum. | 14. Aures habent, et non au-dient,* nares habent, et non o-do-ra-bunt. |
| 6. Montes, exultastis si-cut a-ri-etes? et colles, si-cut a-gni ovium? | 15. Manus habent, et non palpa-bunt; ¶ pedes habent, et non ambu-la-bunt,*non clamabunt in gut-tu-re su-o. |
| 7. A facie Domini mo-ta est terra,* a faci-e De-i Jacob. | 16. Similes illis fiant qui fa-ciunt e-a,* et omnes qui con-fi-dunt in e-is. |
| 8. Qui convertit petram in sta-gna a-qua-rum,* et rupem in fon-tes a-qua-rum. | 17. Domus Israel spera-vit in Do-mi-no;* adjutor eorum et protec-tor e-o-rum est. |
| 9. Non nobis, Domi-ne, non nobis,* sed nomini tu-o da glo-ri-am. | 18. Domus Aaron spera-vit in Do-mi-no;* adjutor eorum et protec-tor e-o-rum est. |
| 10. Super misericordia tua et veri-ta-te tu-a,* nequando di-cant gentes: ¶ Ubi est De-us e-o-rum? | 19. Qui timent Dominum, spera-ve-runt in Do-mi-no,* adjutor eorum et protec-tor e-o-rum est. |
| 11. Deus autem nos-ter in cœ-lo,*omnia | |

VESPERS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 20. Dominus memor <i>fu-it nos-tri,*</i> et bene-di-xit <i>no-bis.</i> | 25. Cælum <i>cæli Do-mino,*</i> terram au-tem dedit <i>fili-is ho-minum.</i> |
| 21. Benedixit <i>do-mui Is-ra-el,*</i> bene-dixit <i>do-mui A-a-ron.</i> | 26. Non mortui lauda-bunt <i>te, Do-mi-ne,*</i> neque omnes qui descen-dunt <i>in in-fer-num.</i> |
| 22. Benedixit omnibus qui <i>ti-ment Do-mi-num,*</i> pusilles <i>cum ma-joribus.</i> | 27. Sed nos qui vivimus, bene-dici-mus <i>Domino,*</i> ex hoc nunc, et usque <i>in sæ-culum.</i> |
| 23. Adjiciat Domi-nus <i>su-per vos,*</i> super vos, et super <i>fi-li-os ves-tros.</i> | 28. Gloria Patri et Filio,* et Spi-ritui Sancto. |
| 24. Benedicti <i>vos a Do-mino,*</i> qui fe-cit <i>cæ-lum et ter-ram.</i> | 29. Sicut erat in principio et <i>nunc et sem-per,*</i> et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. <i>A-men.</i> |

LAUDATE DOMINUM. Psalm CXXVI.

1. Laudate Dominum, om - nes gen - tes: Laudate eum, om-nes populi.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. Quoniam confirmata est super nos <i>miseri-cor-dia ejus:</i> et veritas Domini manet <i>in æ-ter-num.</i> | <i>Sancto.</i> |
| 3. Gloria Patri et Filio,* et Spi-ritui
<i>The priest reads a chapter.</i> | 4. Sicut erat in principio, et <i>nunc et sem-per,*</i> et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. <i>A-men.</i> |
| <i>Here follows an ANTHEM or HYMN.</i> | <i>Response, DEO GRATIAS.</i> |

MAGNIFICAT.

1. Mag - ni - - fi - cat anima me-a Do-mi-num.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. Et exultavit spiritus meus; in Deo salu-tari meo. | <i>tavit humiles.</i> |
| 3. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes genera-tiones. | 8. Esurientes implevit bonis; et divites dimi-st inanes. |
| 4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui po-tens est: et sanctum nomen ejus. | 9. Suscepit Israel puerum suum; re-cordatus miseri-cordie suæ. |
| 5. Et misericordia ejus a progenie in pro-genies; timen-tibus eum. | 10. Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros; Abraham et semini ejus <i>in sæ-cula.</i> |
| 6. Fecit potentiam in branchio suo; dispersit superbos mente cordis sui. | 11. Gloria Patri et Filio; et Spi-ritui Sancto. |
| 7. Deposuit potentes de sede; et exal- | 12. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et <i>sem-per;</i> et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. <i>Amen.</i> |

VESPER HYMNS.

119.

LUCIS CREATOR.

L. M.

Gregorian.

1. Lu - cis Cre - a - tor op - ti - me, Lu - cem di - e - rum pro - fe - rens, Pri - mor - di - is lu - cis no - vae, Mun - di pa - rans o - ri gi - nem. (A - men.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Qui mane junctum vesperi,
Diem vocari præcipis:
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus. | 4. Cœleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat præmium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum. |
| 3. Nemens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Sessequè culpis illigat. | 5. Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen. |

V. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea.
R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

Second Tune.

1. Lu - cis Cre - a - tor op - ti - me, Lu - cem di - e - rum pro - fe - rens, Pri - mor - di - is lu - cis no - vae, Mun - di pa - rans o - ri gi - nem. (A - men.)

VESPER HYMNS.

(Use tunes on opposite page.)

120.

IN ADVENT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Creator alme siderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor Omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.</p> <p>2. Qui demonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis impetu,
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.</p> <p>3. Commune qui mundi nefas,
Ut expiaret, ad crucem
E Virginis sacrario
Intactu proditis Victima.</p> <p>4. Cujus potestas gloriæ,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,</p> | <p>Et cal-lites et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.</p> <p>5. Te deprecamur, ultimæ
Magnum diei Judicem:
Armis supernæ gratiæ,
Defende nos ab hostibus.</p> <p>6. Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.
(English words, no. 2.)</p> <p>V. Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant justum,
R. Aperiatur terra, et germinet Salvatoreum.</p> |
|--|---|

121.

IN LENT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Audi, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hoc sacro jejunio
Fusas quara genario.</p> <p>2. Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirmatu scis virium:
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.</p> <p>3. Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confidentibus:
Ad nominis laudem tui,</p> | <p>Confer medelam languidis.</p> <p>4. Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam,
Culpæ ut relinquant pabulum
Jejuna corde criminum.</p> <p>5. Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex Unitas:
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera. Amen.</p> <p>V. Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te.
R. Ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.</p> |
|--|---|

122.

EASTER TIME.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Ad regias agni dapes,
Stolis amicti candidis,
Post transitum maris Rubri,
Christo canamus principi:</p> <p>2. Divina cujus charitas
Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.</p> <p>3. Sparsum cruorem postibus,
Vastato horret Angelus;
Fugitque divisum mare,
Merguntur hostes fluctibus.</p> <p>4. Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschalis idem victima,
Et pura puris mentibus
Sinceritatis azyma.</p> <p>5. O vera cœli Victima,</p> | <p>Subjecta cui sunt tartara,
Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitæ præmia!</p> <p>6. Victor, subactis inferis,
Trophæa Christus explicat,
Cæloque aperto, subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.</p> <p>7. Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,
A morte dira criminum
Vitæ renatos libera.</p> <p>8. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.</p> <p>V. Mane nobiscum Domine. Alleluia.
R. Quoniam advesperascit. Alleluia.</p> |
|---|--|

123.

AT PENTECOST.

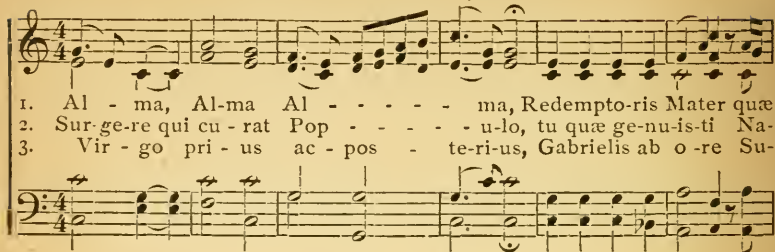
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Veni Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quæ tu creasti pectora.</p> <p>2. Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus ignis charitas
Et spiritalis unctio.</p> <p>3. Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promis sum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.</p> <p>4. Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,</p> | <p>Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.</p> <p>5. Hostem repellas longius,
Pacem que dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio,
Vitemus omne noxium.</p> <p>6. Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te que utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.</p> <p>7. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum. Amen.
(English words, no. 23.)</p> |
|---|---|

ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

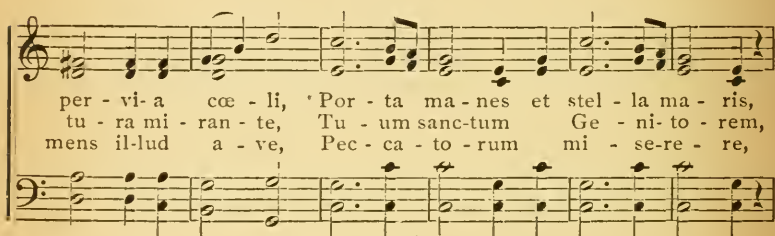
124.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

(From Advent till the Purification.)



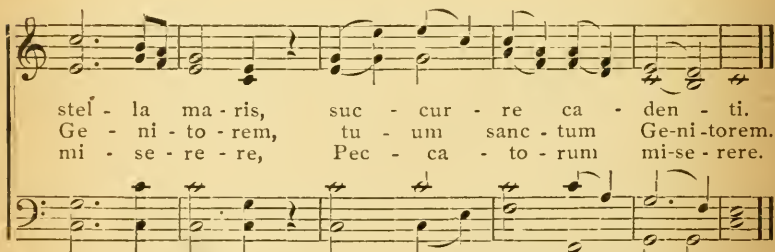
1. Al - ma, Al-ma Al - - - - ma, Redempto-ris Mater quæ
 2. Sur-ge-re qui cu - rat Pop - - - - u-lo, tu quæ ge-nu-is-ti Na-
 3. Vir - go pri - us ac - pos - te-ri-us, Gabrielis ab o-re Su-



per - vi - a cœ - li, Por - ta ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris,
 tu - ra mi - ran - te, Tu - um sanc-tum Ge - ni - to - rem,
 mens il-lud a - ve, Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se-re - re,



suc - cu - re ca - den - ti. Por - ta ma - nes et
 tu - um sanc - tum Geni - torem. Tu - um sanc-tum
 Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - rere. Pec - ca - to - rum



stel - la ma - ris, suc - cur - re ca - den - ti.
 Ge - ni - to - rem, tu - um sanc - tum Ge-ni-to-rem.
 mi - se - re - re, Pec - ca - to - rum mi-se-re-re.

(In Advent.)

V. Angelus Domine nuntiavit Mariæ.
 R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

(From Christmas to the Purification.)

V. Post partum Virgo inviolata permansisti.
 R. Dei Genitrix intercede pro nobis.

ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

125.

AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

(From the Purification till Easter.)

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. A - ve, A - ve, Re - gi - na cæ - lo - rum!
 2. Gau - de, Vir - go, glo - ri o - sa,

A - ve, Do - mi - na An - ge - lo - rum!
 Su - per om - nes spe - ci - o - sa;

Sal - ve ra - dix, sal - ve por - ta,
 Va - le, o - val - de de - cor - ra,

Ex qua mun - do lux est or - ta.
 Et pro no - bis Christum ex - o - ra.

V. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacra.

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

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ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

126.

REGINA COELI.

(From Easter till Trinity Eve.).

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Re - gi - na cœ - li læ - ta - re.
 2. Quia quem me - ru - is - ti por - ta - re.
 3. Re-sur-rex - it si - - cut dix - it. } Al - le-

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

4. O - ra pro no - bis De - um. Al - le- *molto.*

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le lu - ia. *ff*

V. Gaude et latere, Virgo Maria, Alleluia.
 R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia.

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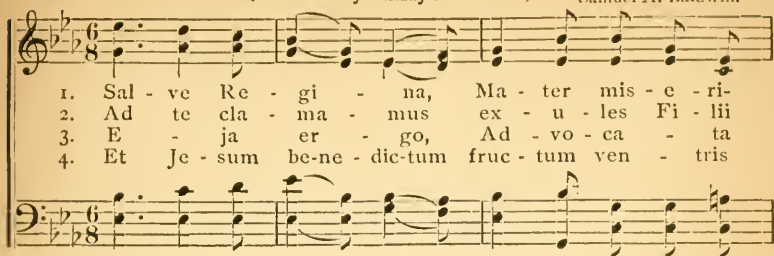
ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

127.

SALVE REGINA

(From Trinity Sunday till Advent.)

Samuel A. Baldwin.



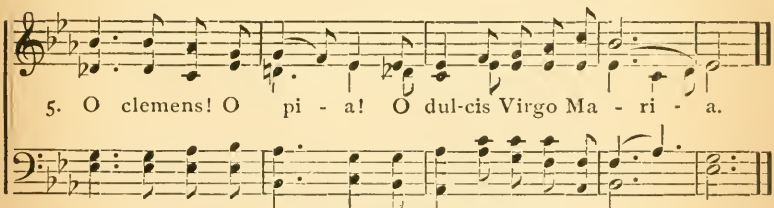
1. Sal - ve Re - gi - na, Ma - ter mis - e - ri
 2. Ad te cla - ma - mus ex - u - les Fi - lii
 3. E - ja er - go, Ad - vo - ca - ta
 4. Et Je - sum be-ne - dic-tum fruc - tum ven - tris



cor - di - æ. Vi - ta, dul - ce - do, Et
 E - væ; Ad te sus - pi - ra - mus, Ge-
 nos - tra! Il - los tu - os Mi-
 tu - i, No - bis post hoc Ex-



spes, spes nos - tra, Et spes nos-tra, sal - ve.
 mentes et flentes in hac la - cry - ma-rum val - le.
 se - ri - cor - des oc - cu - los ad nos con-ver - te.
 il - i - um, ex - il - i - um os - ten - de.



5. O clemens! O pi - a! O dul-cis Virgo Ma - ri - a.

V. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.
 R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

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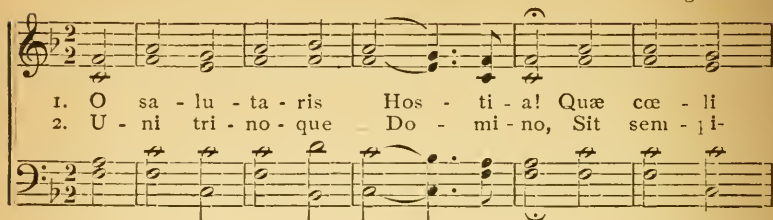
BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

128.

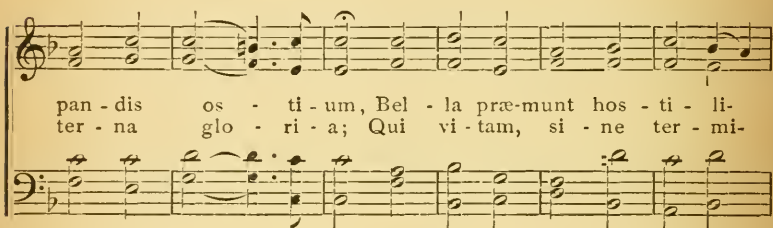
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

L. M.

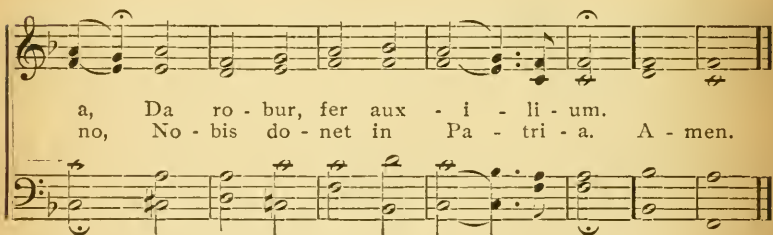
Gregorian.



1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Hos - ti - a! Quæ cœ - li
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no, Sit sen - i -



pan - dis os - ti - um, Bel - la præ - munt hos - ti - li -
ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam, si - ne ter - mi -



a, Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um.
no, No - bis do - net in Pa - tri - a. A - men.

1. O saving Victim! opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below;
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
2. To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

129.

TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

8s, 7s. 6l.

Gregorian.

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum, Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que, Laus et ju - bi - la - ti -

i: Et an - ti - quum doc - u - men - tum, Novo ce - dat
 o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que, Sit et be - ne -

ri - tu - i: Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
 dic - ti - o: Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que,

Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.
 Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Lowly bending, deep adoring,
Lo! the Sacrament we hail;
Types and shadows have their ending,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail. | 2. Glory, honor, might, dominion.
Be unto our God most high;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever blessed Trinity,
Praise be given, and power eternal,
Unto all eternity. Amen. |
|--|--|

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven.

R. Full of all sweetness and delight.

Alleluia is added during Paschal Time and the Octave of Corpus Christi.

Oremus.

Let us pray.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili, Passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue, quæsumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

O God, Who has left us in this wonderful Sacrament a perpetual memorial of Thy Passion: Grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may continually find in our souls the fruit of Thy redemption; Thou Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

I 30.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

1.	Laudate Dominum	om - nes	gen - tes:
2.	Quoniam confirmata	cor - dia	e - jus
3.	est super nos miseri-	Patri et	Fi - lio,
4.	Gloria.....		
	Sicut erat in	nunc et	sem - per,
	principio et		

1.	O praise the Lord,	all ye	na - tions:
2.	For His mercy is con-	firmed up-	on us:
3.	Glory be to the Father	and to	the Son:
4.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ev - er	shall be:

Laudate eum.....	om - nes	po - pu -	li.
et veritas Domini manet	in æ -	ter -	num.
et Spiri -	tu - i	Sanc -	to.
et in sæcula sæcu -	lo - rum.	A -	men.

praise Him	all.....ye....	peo - -	ple.
and the truth of the Lord re-	maineth for	ev - -	er.
and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
world	with - out	end. A -	men.

1866
Feb 1907
made

